MAD

OUR PRICE
25c
CHEAP

IND

No. 36 Dec. '57

WALLY COX

BOB & RAY

HENRY MORGAN

New MORRIS PHILIP gives you a natural smoke with an un-natural light!

Smoke Un-natural. No foolin'. No Matches. Just stick one in your mouth, and get the shock of your life!

Fireproof Box or Asbestos Pack

NUMBER 36 DECEMBER 1957

MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

"The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder."
Charles Rollin (1661-1741)

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein
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MAD—November-December 1957, Vol. 1, Number 36, is published bi-monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1957 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The publisher and editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
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VITAL FEATURES

TV MOVIES WITH COMMERCIALS . . 6

One way to stop interruptions of TV movies for commercials is: build 'em into the plot. Second way is: eliminate TV movies.

MY FRIEN' DUFO 12

Wally Cox's boyhood chum comes alive in this MAD article, but Wally Cox'll probably drop dead when he sees this MAD article.

PARKING METERS 19

Like it wasn't bad enough you had to look hours for a parking space, now you have to pay for the privilege of being so lucky.

SECRET FILE 26

Bob and Ray's take-off of a popular TV show brings a shocking social problem to the pages of MAD, also a shocking social problem.

RAW GUTS MAGAZINE 31

Here is MAD's version of a typical men's magazine, edited by he-men, written by he-men, read by he-men, and nauseating to we-men.

O.K.! GUNFIGHT AT THE CORRAL! . . 37

Here is a Western movie that dares to be different from other Western movies, mainly it dares to have a longer title.

THE TWELVE BOTTLES 43

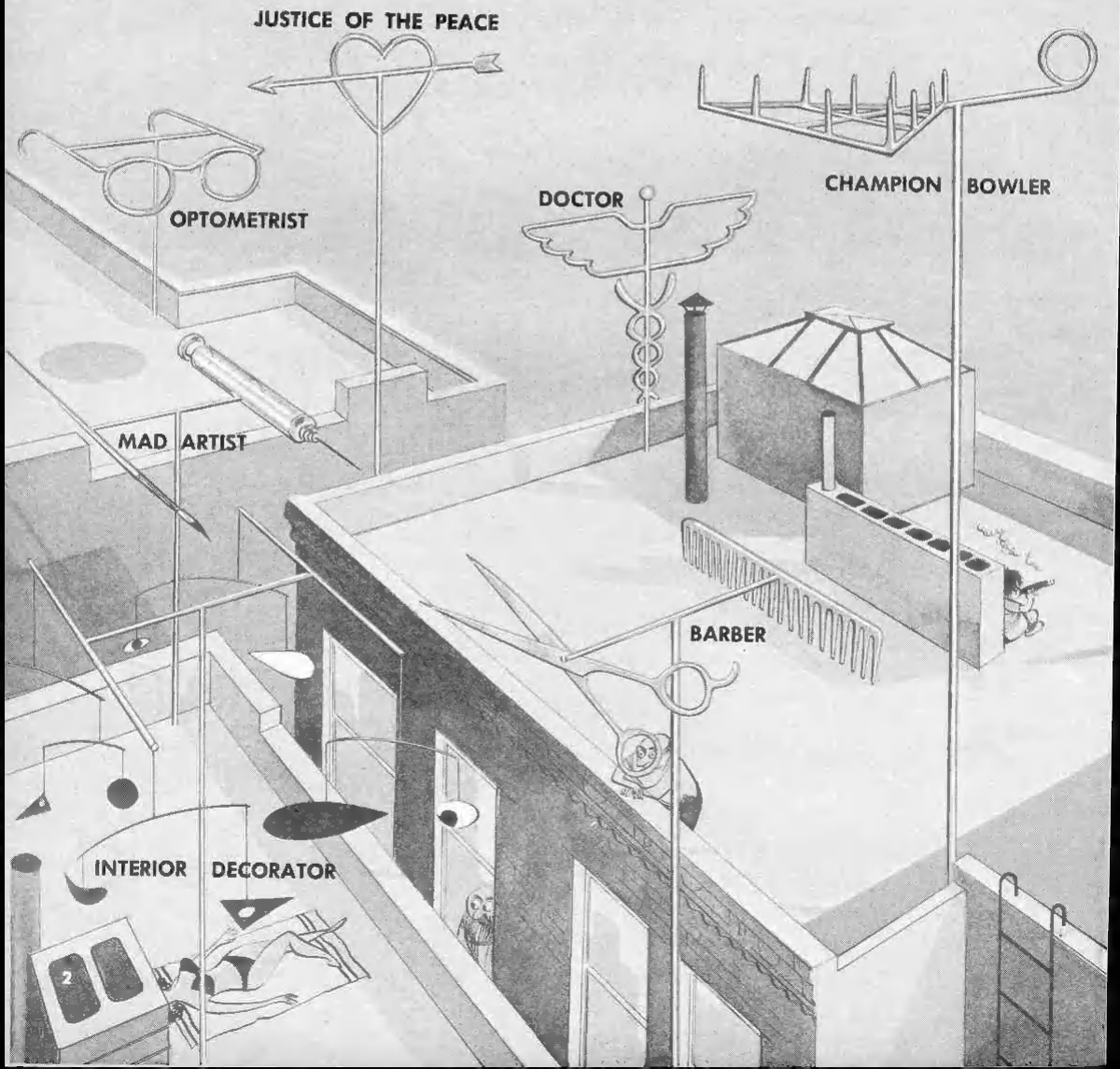
Henry Morgan's hilarious account of "The Twelve Bottles of Whiskey" hits a new high every time Mr. Morgan hits a new fifth.

GUIDE TO U.S. WILD LIFE 45

A Martian manual of wild life found in the cement jungles of North America, with a scientific outline of that pretty wild life.

ENLIGHTENING ROD DEPT.

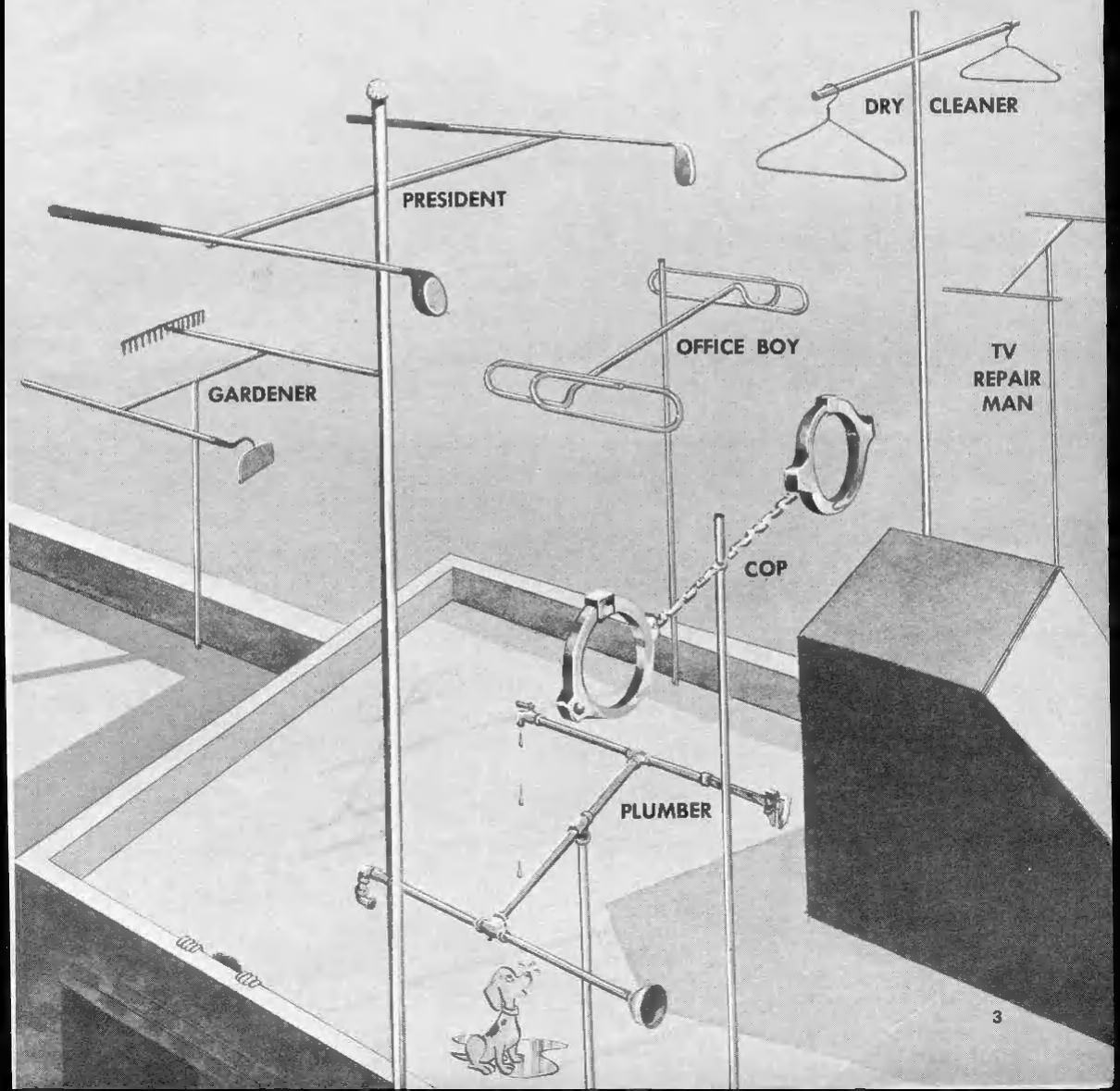
The other day, while looking out over the tenements that surround the **MAD** building, (the **MAD** building being just a little **bigger** tenement than those around it!), we happened to notice all those TV antennas cluttering up the roofs. And it suddenly occurred to us that the TV industry might've used a little more imagination when it designed the TV antenna. For example, as long as a set-owner is stuck with an antenna, he should be able to put it to some use other than just TV reception. Like, he should also be able to use it for advertising . . . or tell his neighbors something about himself . . . or identify his profession. Then, all over this television-happy land of ours, we'll have rooftops cluttered up with



**A Nostril Dilator for COMING UP TO SNUFF

PERSONALIZED TV ANTENNAS

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE



READ THESE ORIGINAL

MAD BOOKS

BEFORE THEY MAKE

THE MOVIE!

THE MAD READER
offered to
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20TH CENTURY-FOX

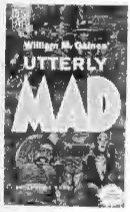
"This book will make a movie with the tenderest love story since 'King Kong'!"

MAD STRIKES BACK
offered to
PANDRO S. BERMAN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"I have never made a picture like this in my whole life! So tell me, why should I start now?"

INSIDE MAD
offered to
STANLEY KRAMER
UNITED ARTISTS

" 'The Pride and the Passion' was about the biggest cannon ever. This picture will be about the biggest bomb ever!"



UTTERLY MAD
offered to
HAL WALLIS
PARAMOUNT

"Listen, I had enough troubles with Martin and Lewis!"

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT

225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, N. Y.

I want to read the following MAD Books before they make the movie, if they ever do!

No. 1 THE MAD READER . . . . . ☐
No. 2 MAD STRIKES BACK . . . . . ☐
No. 3 INSIDE MAD . . . . . ☐
No. 4 UTTERLY MAD . . . . . ☐

I enclose:
40¢ for one . . . ☐ 80¢ for two . . ☐
$1.20 for three ☐ $1.50 for four ☐

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE ___

HOW TO READ PALMS

You guys must be blind not to be able to read J. Fred Muggs' palm. I can read it perfectly. It says, "Help, I am a prisoner in a Tarzan-movie factory!"

Joshua Zerlin
South Euclid, Ohio

J. Fred Muggs' Palm

Since when do well-dressed males wear cufflinks facing inward?

Ralph Baxter, Jr.
Erie, Pa.

Well-dressed males *always* wear "What, Me Worry" cufflinks facing inward!—Ed.

FROM THE D.J.'S

I have been an ardent reader of MAD for a considerable period of time. In fact, it was a delight to learn that people existed, other than myself, who possessed a sense of humor which can only be described as emanating from "Cloud 13".

Bill Kemp
WNEW
New York, N. Y.

Thanx for your brain-washing publication. Pops, it swings! Your little money-making scheme has been driving me to the brink of sanity ever since your clever swindle was first loosed on an unsuspecting public.

Jim West
WBAL
Baltimore, Md.

I can't think of anything right now that you could add to improve MAD. It's so hopelessly shot that nothing *could* help. I'll be waiting for the next issue with Bi-carb in hand.

Kerm Gregory
WAEB
Allentown, Pa.

Cray-zeee! Just finished thumbing through the latest MAD. Now I'm gonna sit down and read it!!

Roger Clark
WNOR
Norfolk, Va.

SPOT THE CLOD

In "Spot The Clod . . . who watched the movie", he's walking with the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. She is stunning. I have never seen such poise and grace in one woman. Please tell me more about her!

Sy Klopps
Levittown, L. I.

Stunning?

Never mind *her!* Please tell us more about *you!*—Ed.

EYE AD

Boy, you've really popped your cork! In your "Comic Strip Characters" article, you have the eyes backwards. Let's get on the ball up there!

Donna Delaney
Staten Island, N. Y.

Eyes Backwards?

Concerning the sexy eye ad, the eye on the left is a right eye, and the eye on the right is a left eye.

Dan Berkowitz
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Artist Wood informs us that model he used for this ad was cross-eyed.—Ed.

NOW! IN FULL COLOR

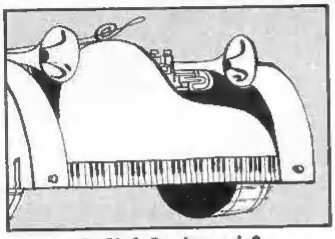
"WHAT—ME WORRY?" kid reproductions in *full color*, suitable for framing and patching colored wall paper are now available for 25c. Mail money to: Dept. "What—COLOR?", c/o MAD, Rm. 706, 225 Lafayette St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.

LETTERS DEPT.

CARS

How much do you guys know about music? In the article "Cars to Match Careers", the treble clef sign on the Musician's Car is backwards. And don't tell me that when the car is facing the other way it'll look right. Why wasn't the car facing the other way in the first place?

Gilbert Stemm
Columbus, Ohio



G-Clef Backwards?

We couldn't turn car around because it was on a one-way street.—Ed.

Oh, you MAD impetuous fools, you! Don't you realize that if the plumber backs his car up, the nuts he has for wheels will unscrew and roll off?

Neal Bullington
De Kalb, Ill.

Don't you realize that threads are already stripped!—Ed.

EATING UTENSILS

In your "Mad Eating Utensils", what happens when the foam-catching beer glass's foam catcher fills up and you tip the glass?

Bill Stebbins
Miami, Fla.

What Happens?

After the beer foams up and runs down into the catcher rim around the glass, you are faced with the problem of it all running down your shirt when you tip the glass to drink.

Jack Marcheski
Raymond Apsley
Hollister, Calif.

Foam-catching beer glass was designed to keep *hands* dry. Nobody said anything about shirts!—Ed.

MORSE CODE

After reading "Mad's College Entrance Exam", I find that someone there doesn't know Morse code. The question reads: "It was Samuel F. B. Morse who once said .-- .... .- - .- -- . .-- .... .-. .-. .-.--" which translated reads "What, me wsrry". Instead of..., it should be ---, so that the question would read correctly, "It was Samuel F. B. Morse who once said "What, me worry?"

Norman Pierce
Binghamton, N. Y.

Question reads correctly in first place! Samuel F. B. Morse once *did* say, "What, me wsrry?" It was Alfred E. Neuman who once said, "What, me worry?"—Ed.

HUNTING SONG

In "The Hunting Song", somebody goofed. Didn't any of you live on a farm? Female cows don't have horns!

Jack Johnston
Rumson, N. J.

Cow with Horns?

A cow with horns? What gives???

Billy Moga
Rocky River, Ohio

Gee! Somebody ought to tell Elsie, The Borden cow about this!—Ed.

BACKYARD BARBECUE

Recently, I had a barbeque in which I invited some guests. I served salad which I tossed using the method used in your article. Not only did the grenade toss my salad well, it also tossed my guests . . . right out of the backyard!

Michael Engel
Hastings-On-Hudson, N. Y.

LETTERS

Every time I write you a letter, you never print it. So this time, I just won't write you a letter.

Steve Holmes
Washington, D. C.

So this time, we *still* won't print it!—Ed.

The guy who writes your letters should write the rest of the magazine.

Manfred L. Warren
Lexington, Mass.

Again, let us assure you that all letters printed here are genuine, written by readers, including gag letters.—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Room 706, Dept. 36, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.

MAD PEOPLE
are wearing
MAD JEWELRY

Featuring MAD's "What . . . Me Worry?" Kid.

LOOK MAD! FEEL MAD! BE MAD!

WEAR MAD JEWELRY!

Styled exclusively for **MAD** Magazine by **ASTRAHAN OF NEW YORK** in gleaming silver plate. All prices include Federal Excise Taxes, boxing, shipping and postage prepaid.

MAD JEWELRY
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

Here's money! I'm **MAD** People! Rush me the pieces of **MAD** Jewelry I have checked below:

- A **MAD LAPEL/SCATTER PIN**....$2.00 ☐
- B **MAD TIE PIN**.....$2.00 ☐
- C **MAD CUFF LINKS**.....$3.00 ☐
- D **MAD KEY CHAIN**.....$2.00 ☐
- E **MAD CHARM BRACELET**.....$2.00 ☐

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

THE PAUSE THAT DEPRESSES DEPT.

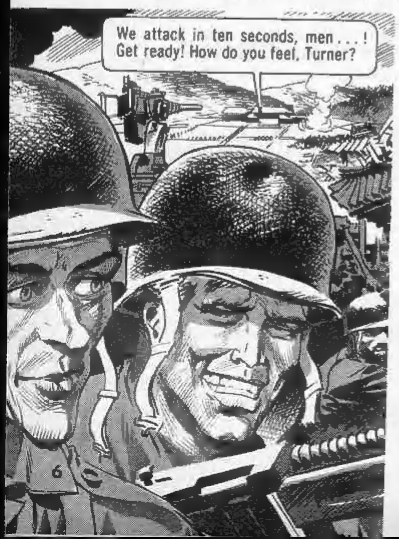
T

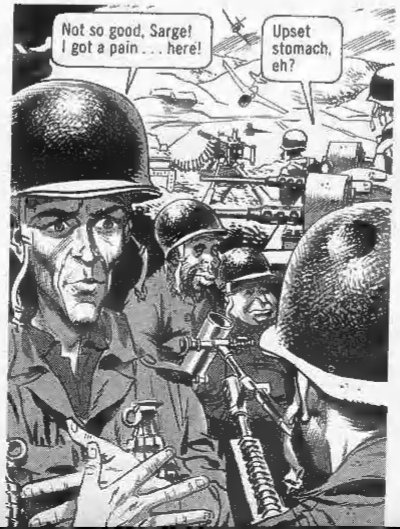
You know what's wrong with old movies on TV? Nothing's wrong with them! What's wrong is *the commercials!* They keep getting in the way! TV stations have it worked out so every time the action gets good and the suspense builds up . . . WHAMMO! . . . they interrupt with a 2-minute plug for "Soggies, The Pre-Creamed Corn Flakes" or "Uncle Herman's Instant Halvah." By the time they get back to the movie, you've forgotten what's going on!

We've got a simple plan to end all these interruptions. And since every movie winds up on TV eventually, Hollywood could do well to adopt this plan. Plan being: *Make the commercials a part of the action itself!* Can't you just see these . . .

THE GANGSTER MOVIE

THE WAR MOVIE



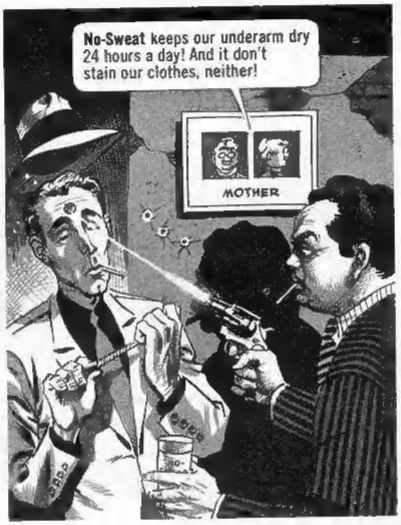


**A Pair of Lazy Tongs for PASSING THE BUCK

V MOVIES with built-in COMMERCIALS

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD

TEXT BY FRANK JACOBS



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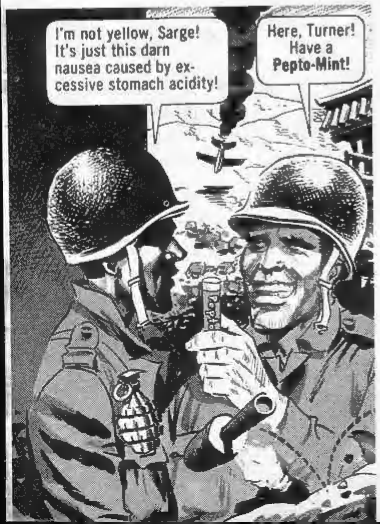
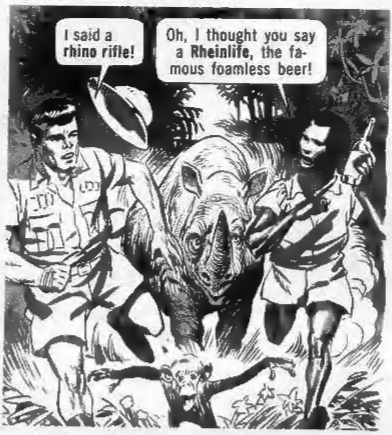
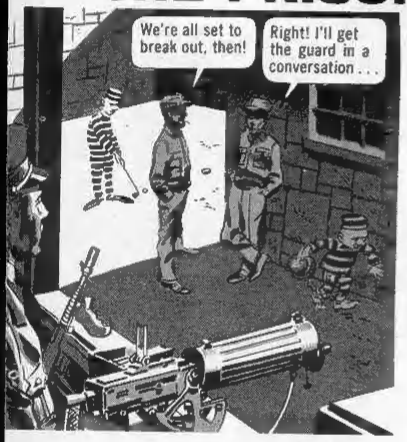
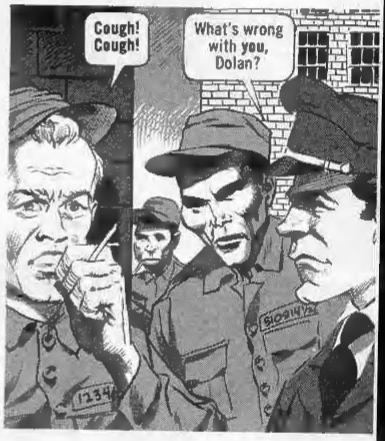


THE JUNGLE MOVIE

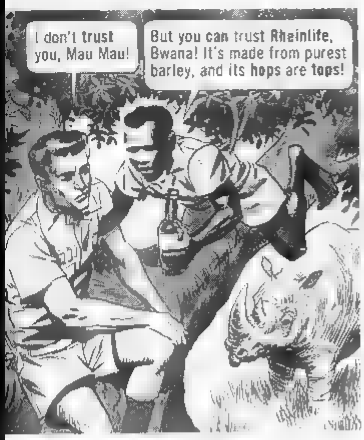


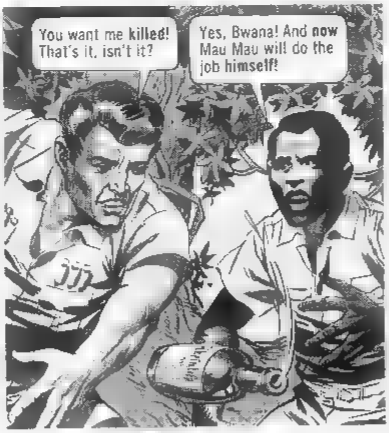
THE PRISON MOVIE



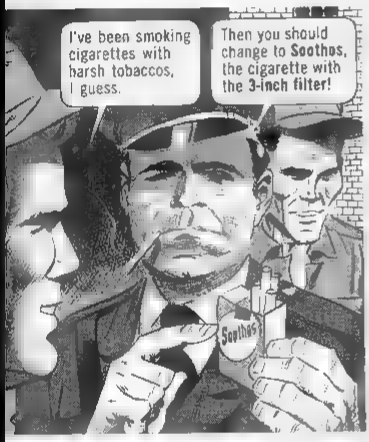


THE WESTERN MOVIE

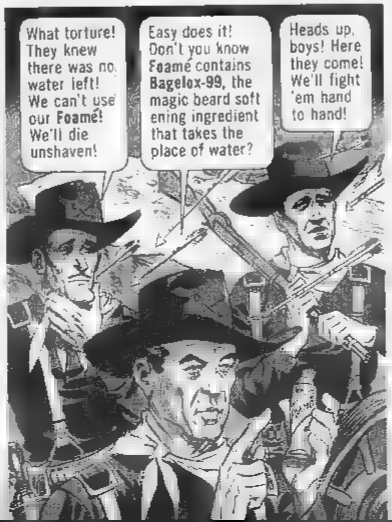


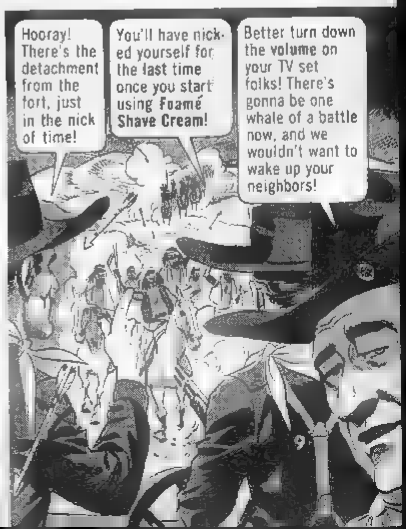


"A Pet Parasol for when it'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS



"A Coffin Rotator for TURNING OVER IN YOUR GRAVE



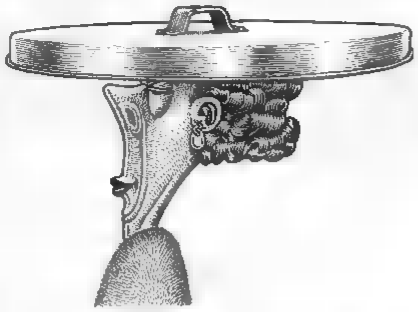


MAD HATTER DEPT.

Have you noticed lately that women's hats seem to resemble bowls, pans, and other receptacles found around the house? Well, Basil Wolverton noticed it, and figured that women could save

Mad

The Trash Can Tam



Garbage can lid balancing would develop air of great poise, and be useful during heavy hailstorms.

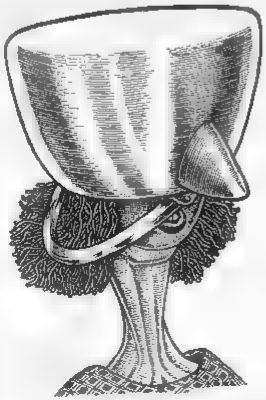
The Crystal Chignon

Sparkling cut-crystal fruit bowl could adorn the head of gal who considers herself a peach.

The Frying Pan Fez

Frying pan would be ideal for lady tourist traveling in places where coconuts fall from trees overhead.

The Teapot Turban



Teapot dome affair would provide protection for delicate or broken nose.

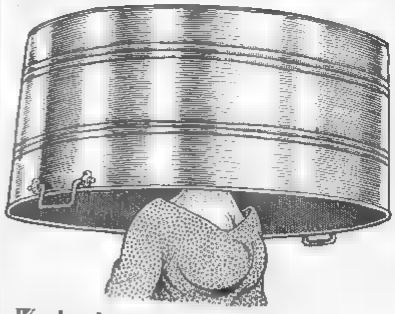
The Colendar Cloche

Ventilated colander would be just the thing for that hot-headed type dame.

millions of dollars per year by simply wearing the original items instead of expensive copies. Besides being as smart, they'd be far prettier. Here, then, are Basil's suggestions for stylish

Hats

The Wash Tub Wimple



Wash tub would be unexcelled for concealing moles on chin, and would also serve as boat in event of flash flood.

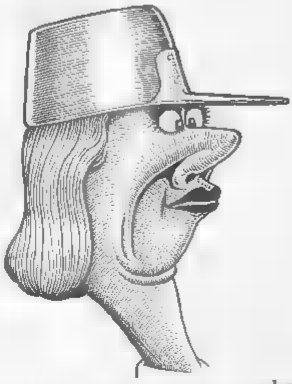
The Biscuit Pan Boater

Square-headed woman would welcome square-shaped biscuit pan, especially on cold winter days when hot biscuits could be left in.

The Cookie Tin Capote

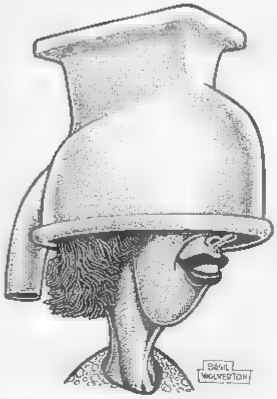
Cookie tin would be perfect for gal wishing to preserve that "just graduated" look.

The Saucepan Shako



Saucepan could be worn to show that wearer's husband has deserted her to join the Foreign Legion.

The "Mr. John"



This item might be worn with satisfaction by woman who is proud that ancestors fought in Trojan War.

WALLY COX

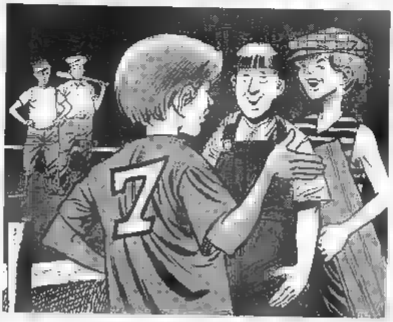
WALLY COX DEPT.

Wally Cox will be best remembered for his delightful roles as TV's "Mr. Peepers" and "Hiram Holiday". He will also be best remembered for his appearances on "The Steve Allen Show", "The NBC Comedy Hour", "The U. S. Steel Hour", "The Philco Show", "The Bob Hope Show", and many others. He will be least remembered, however, for this article in MAD, an illustrated version of the hilarious monologue he calls:

MY FRIEN'

Y'know, when you're a kid, you do anything fer a dare? You hang over d'edge of a roof on a board fer a dare?

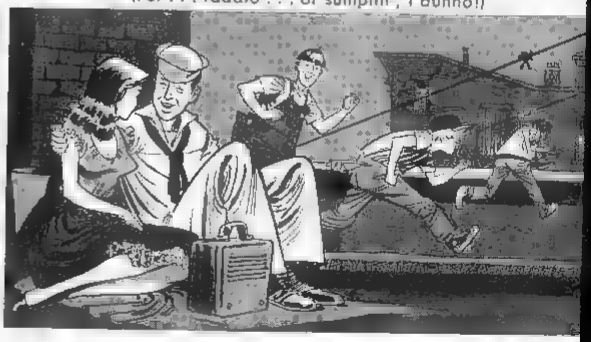
Well, we seen these guys, they'ze tryin' t' get Dufo t' hang over d'edge of a roof on a board . . .



An' we seena board! It wuzza li'l thin board!

W'usta play "Roof Tag". Everybody hasta run over d' roofs?

An everybody hasta run under d'wire? (Fer . . . raddio . . . or sumptin', I dunno!)



Y'know, when a guy can' swim, yuh t'row 'im inna water, he gets scared? Well, we seen dis guy, he couldn't swim . . .

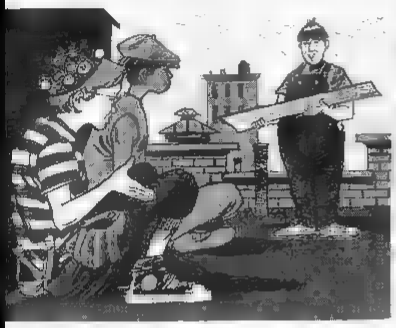
An we'ze t'rowin' 'im inna water . . . an' he'ze gettin' real scared!

DUFO

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

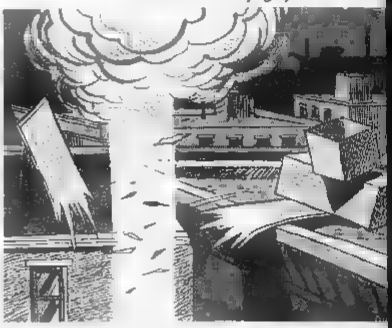
W'usta have a frien', Dufo . . . What ■ crazy guy! Always makes us laugh! *(snicker!)*

An' we tol' 'im, "It won' hol' yuh!" Y'know?



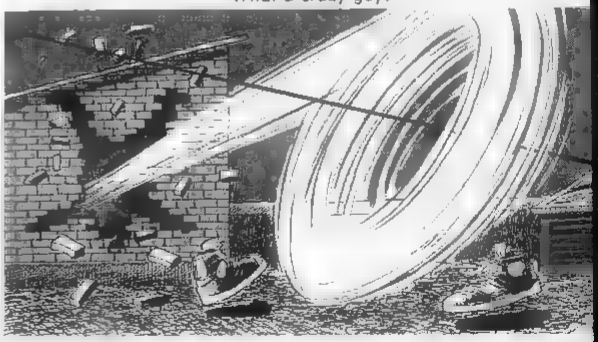
So, he'ze gonna do it anyway! *(snicker!)*

What ■ crazy guy!



Anyway, everybody runs under d' wire but Dufo! *(snicker!)* Gets it right in the neck! *(snicker)*

What a crazy guy!



So I'm tellin' Dufo, "Hey, pull 'im out!" Y'know, he's drowndin'. . . he's turnin' blue . . . everyt'ing . . .

So, Dufo keeps pushin' 'im in again! *(snicker!)*

What a crazy guy!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

W'usta play "Backyard Race". Everybody hasta run 'cross d' backyard an' climb over d' fence . . . an' run 'cross d' backyard an' climb over d' fence . . . an' like that? An' whoever gets t' d' end foist wins?

So dis one backyard, everytime we run 'cross, d' lady comes an' t'rows t'ings at us. Y'know . . . water, pans, bottles, everyt'ing . . .

W'usta take different cars an' drive 'em aroun'. We di'n't keep 'em or anyt'ing! You know, some guys sell 'em! We di'n't sell 'em or anyt'ing!

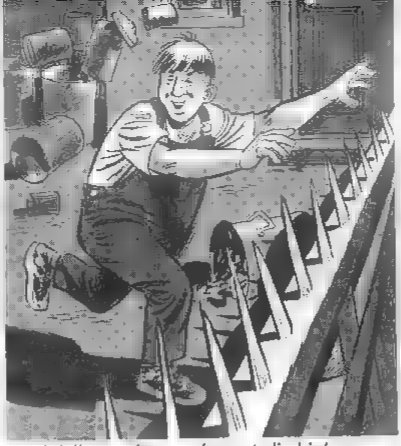
W'usta park 'em in fronna d' Police Station when we was t'rough wit 'em!

An' he says, "Dat ain't chore car!" (snicker!) Y'know, he's real dumb!

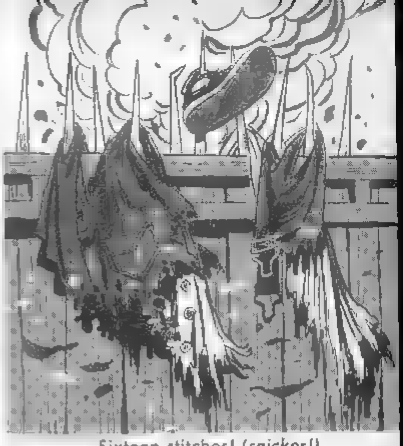
So I says, "Sure! Here'sa keys!" I says, "G'head! Take yer goil fer a ride!"

So he gets in it. He jus' gets aroun' d' corner, an'a cops pick 'm up! (snicker!)

An' her husband gets real mad. He puts up ■ board wit' nails in it, so every time we climb over d'fence, we hafta jump over d' nails . . .



Well, one time, we'ze out climbin' over d' fence, everybody jumps over d' nails but Dufo! *(Snicker!)*



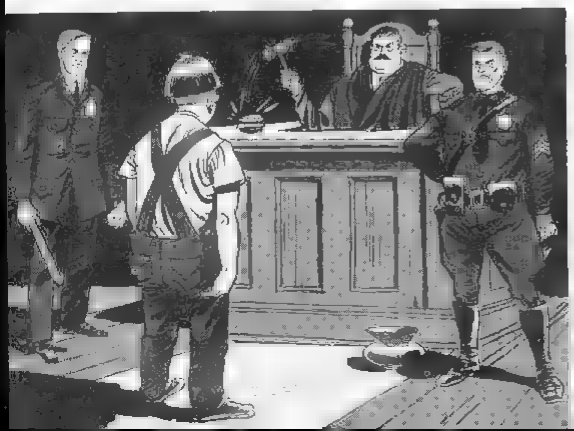
Sixteen stitches! *(snicker!)* What ■ crazy guy!

Well, anyway, we seen dis car, it wazza t'oity-nine Packard. An'a keys wuz in it.

So we'ze drivin' it aroun', an' I says, "Le's go over t' Dufo's house!"

So we wen' over dere, an' lef' it in front, an wen' inside. An' I says, "Hey, Dufo! Dere's my car out dere! How yuh like it?"

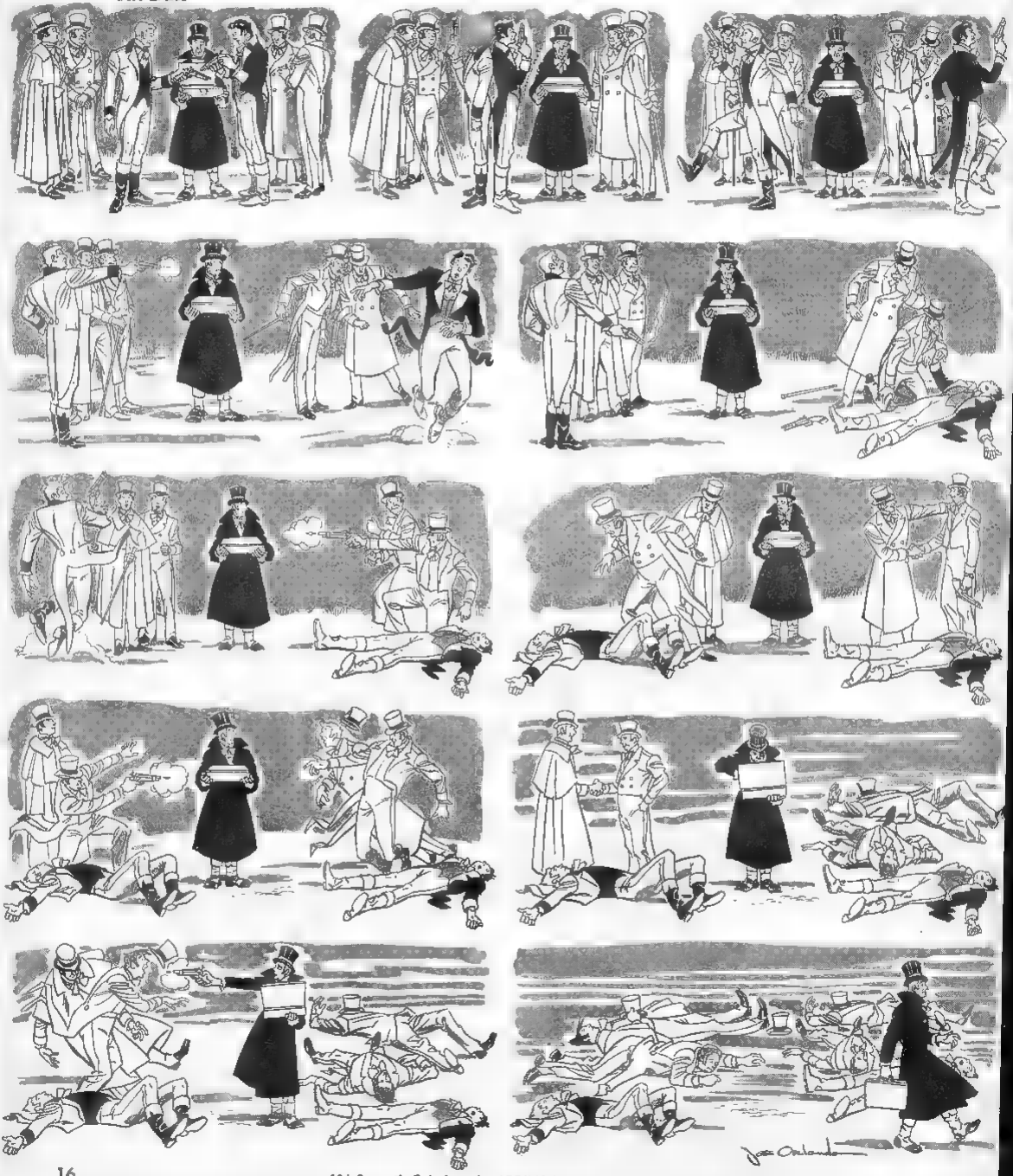
He's on t'ree years probation! *(snicker!)*



But 'cha know sumptin'? That'sa onny t'ing he ever done wrong! Well . . . I'll see y' aroun'. . . eh?

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Duel

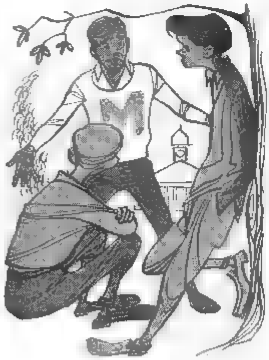


**A Sarcastic Calculator for ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY DEPT.

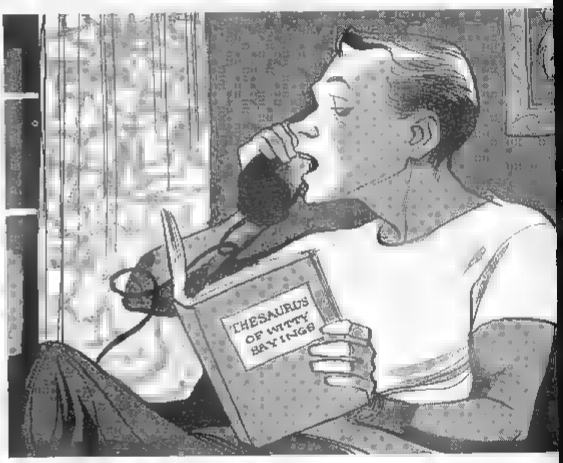
Next time one of the gang brags about a caper with the opposite sex, take it with a grain of salt. Try a grain of pepper if you like spicy stories! 'Cause you're hearing only one version. You'll see what we mean when you read both sides of this account of a

Blind Date



HER STORY . . . THE PHONE CALL HIS STORY . . .

When he started talking, there was no stopping him. I couldn't get a word in edgewise. Yakkity-yakkity-yak!



Boy, was it tough talking to her. She wouldn't say a word. I had to carry on the whole conversation myself!

THE ARRIVAL

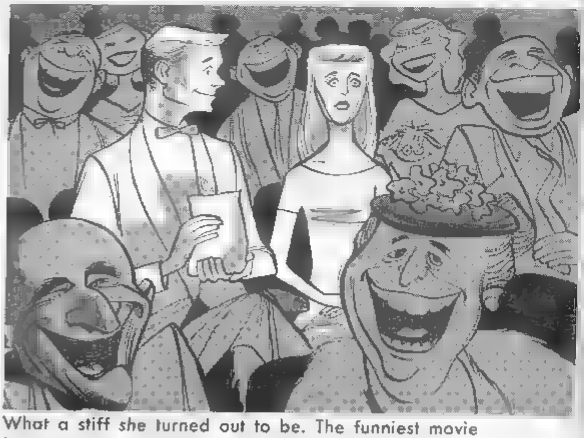
When he came to pick me up, and I saw that ridiculous outfit he was wearing, I almost died of embarrassment.

Man, did I look cool. Real sharp. You should have seen the look on her face when she first came to the door!

CONTINUED

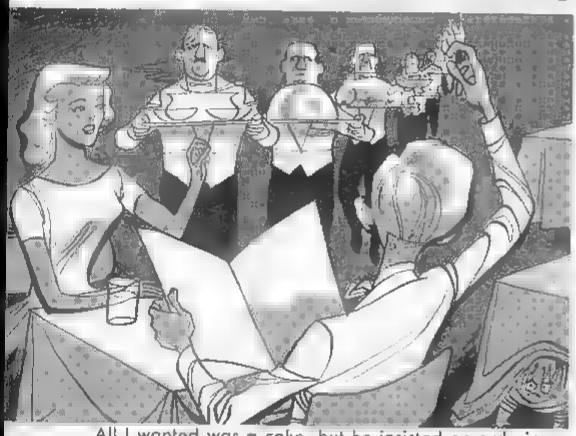
HER STORY . . . **THE MOVIE** HIS STORY . . .

The way he carried on at the movie was atrocious, bellowing like ■ jackass. I wanted to crawl into a hole!



What a stiff she turned out to be. The funniest movie I ever saw, and she sits there like it was ■ funeral!

THE "HAMBURGER HEAVEN"



All I wanted was ■ coke, but he insisted on ordering a whole meal for me. It was awful. I wasn't even hungry!

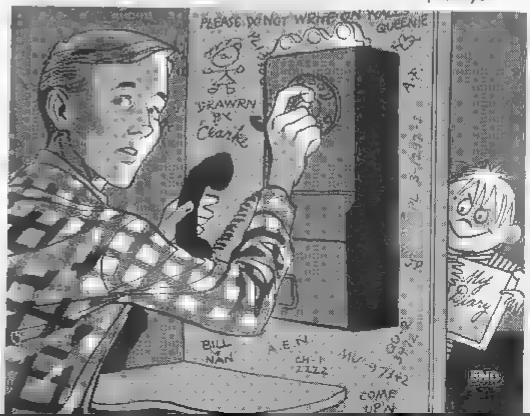
Was I burned! After she lets me order the most expensive dish on the menu, she don't even touch one bite!

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

THE FUTURE

Would I go out with him again? Are you kidding? Why, if I never see him, it'll be much too soon to suit me!

Me . . . call her up again? For what . . . to tell her what ■ square she is? Listen, one date with her was plenty!



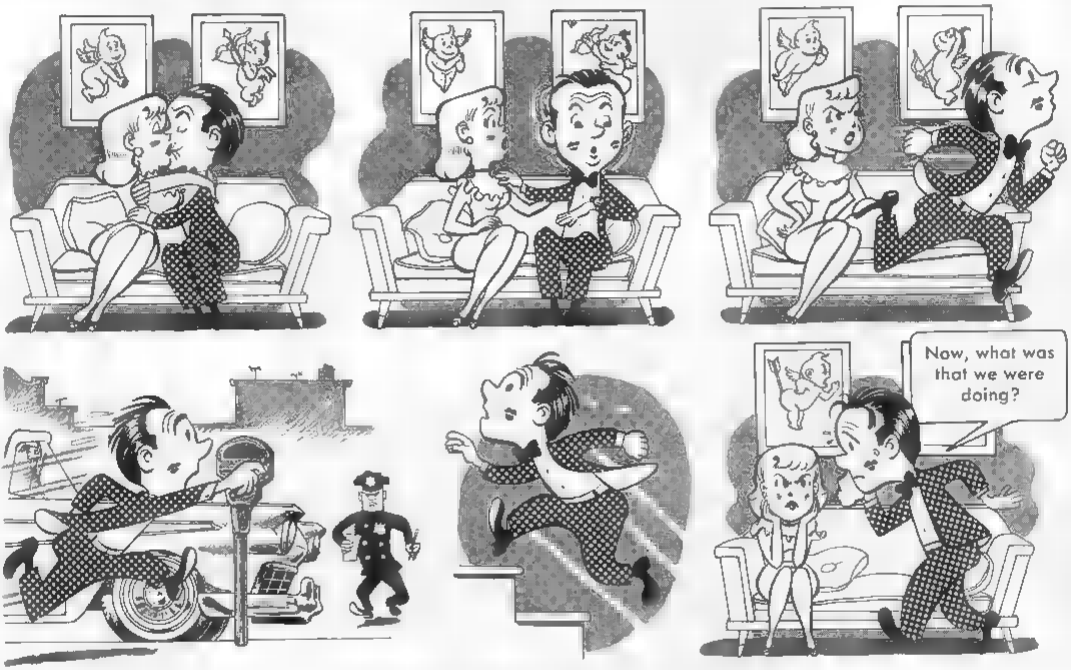
"A Romantic Toaster for POPPING THE QUESTION

ONE-LEGGED BANDIT DEPT.

Wake up, America! Before it's too late! Today our nation is in the grip of a deadly peril more sinister and diabolical than the infamous fifth columns of World War II! These particular columns are made of steel pipe, on top of which are mounted . . .

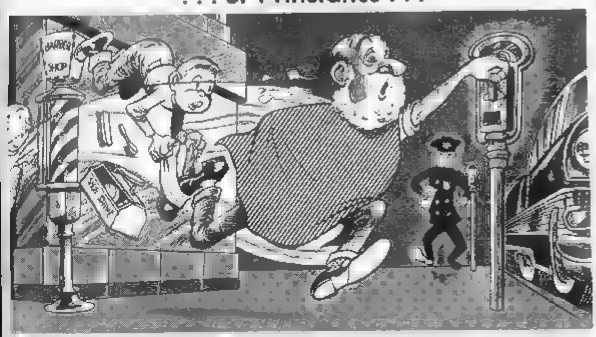
Parking Meters

Yes, today, mercenary local officials all over the country, in an effort to fill their city's coffers (and perhaps their own pockets), are innocently destroying America's basic security! They are breaking down its morale! Because the every day normal functions of our American way of life are periodically being disrupted by the necessity of our having to drop everything in order to rush out into the street and put another coin into that parking meter. Like f'rinstance . . .



CONTINUITY AND PICTURES BY DAVID BERG

. . . or f'rinstance . . .

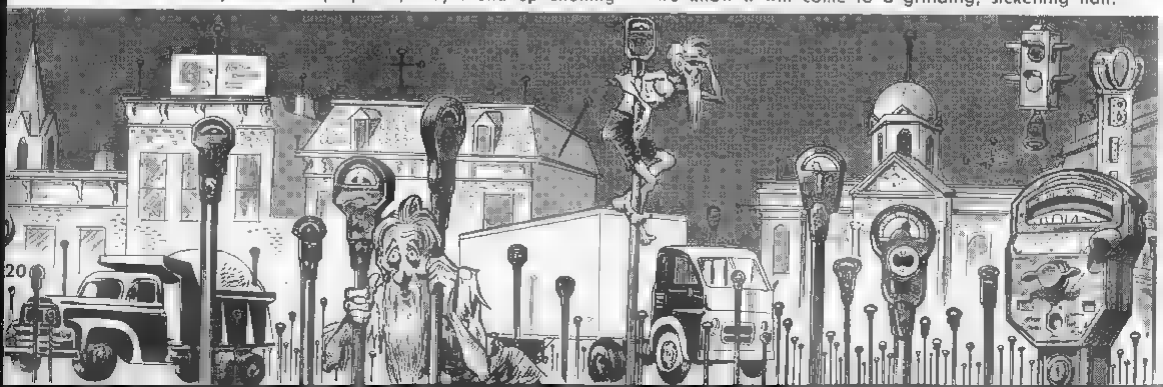


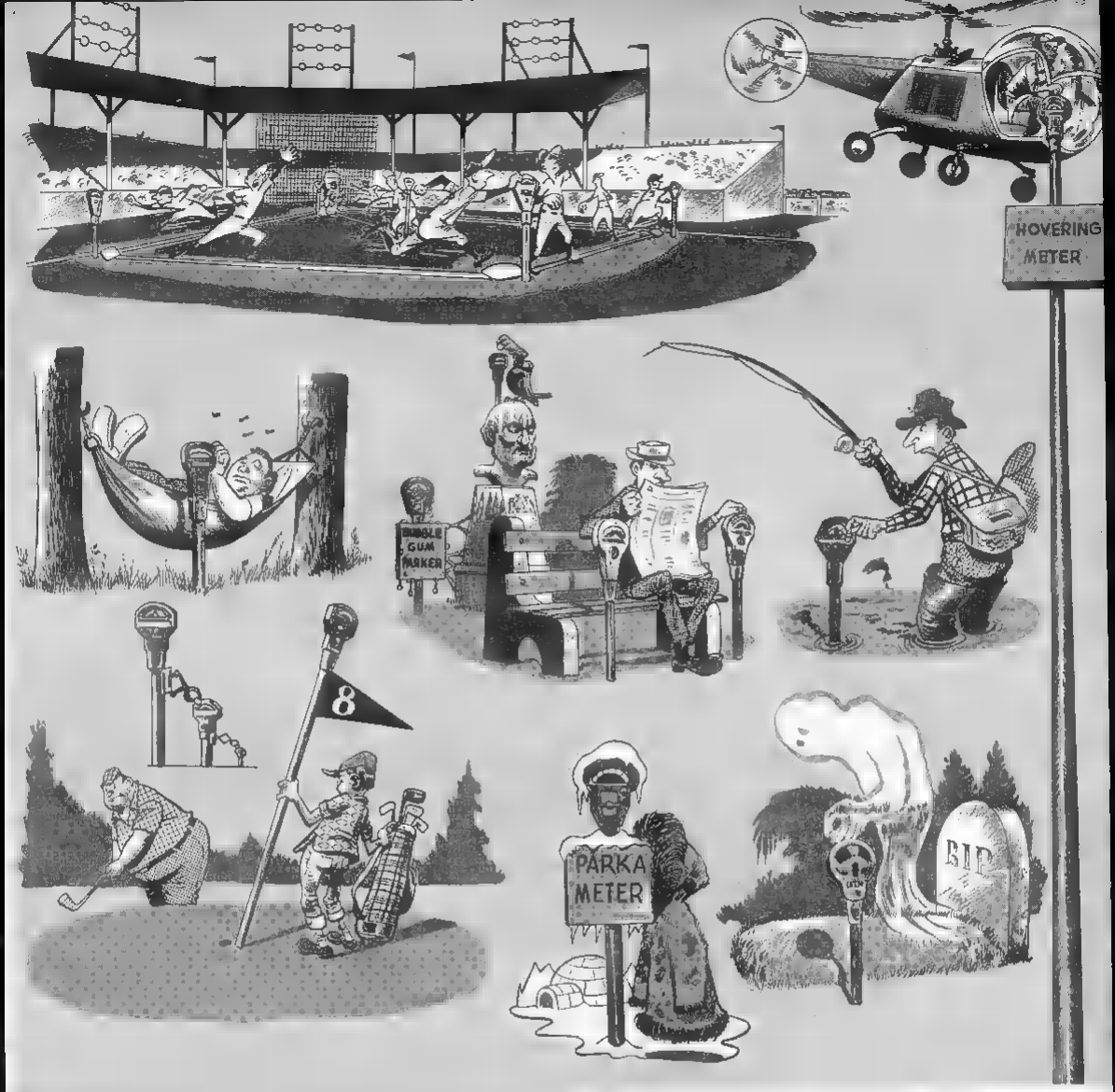
. . . or f'rinstance . . .

Now, we here at MAD are all for a guy making a quick buck if he can! But we draw the line when it comes to our country's security. Let's take a look at the handwriting on the wall! Prodded by the success of their "automobile" parking meters, these mercenary local jerks are gonna keep going! And before you know it, here's what we'll all be facing!

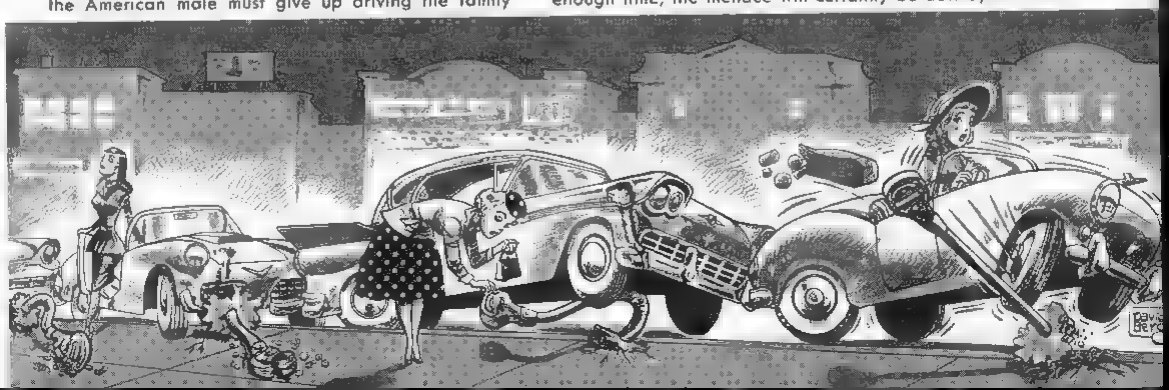
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

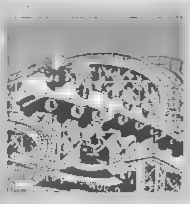
Pretty soon, there'll be so many parking meters for so many different purposes, they'll end up choking off all commerce, and "The American Way of Life" as we know it will come to a grinding, sickening halt.





There's only one solution, as we at MAD see it . . . the American male must give up driving the family car, and turn that chore over to the women. Given enough time, the menace will certainly be destroyed. END

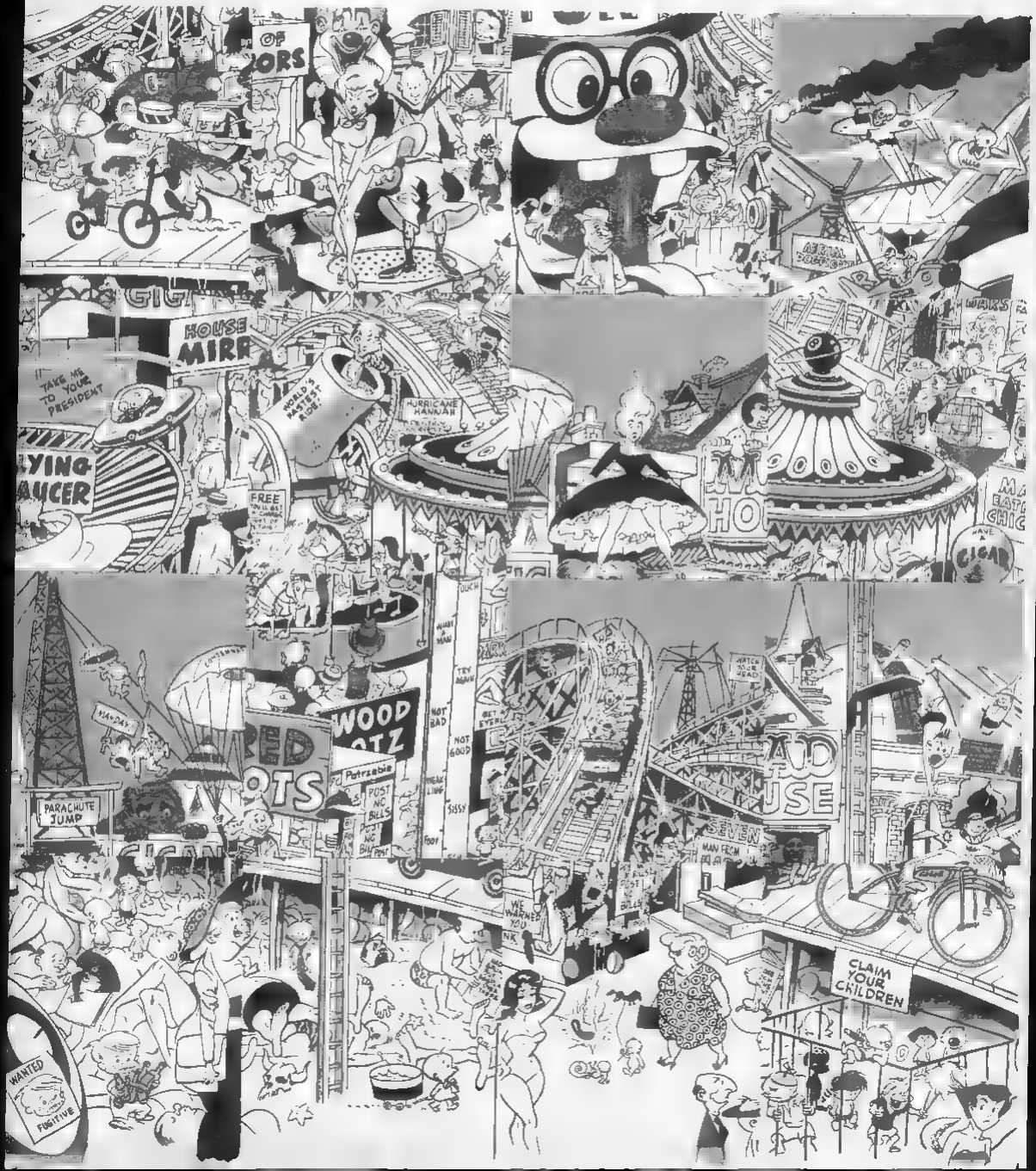




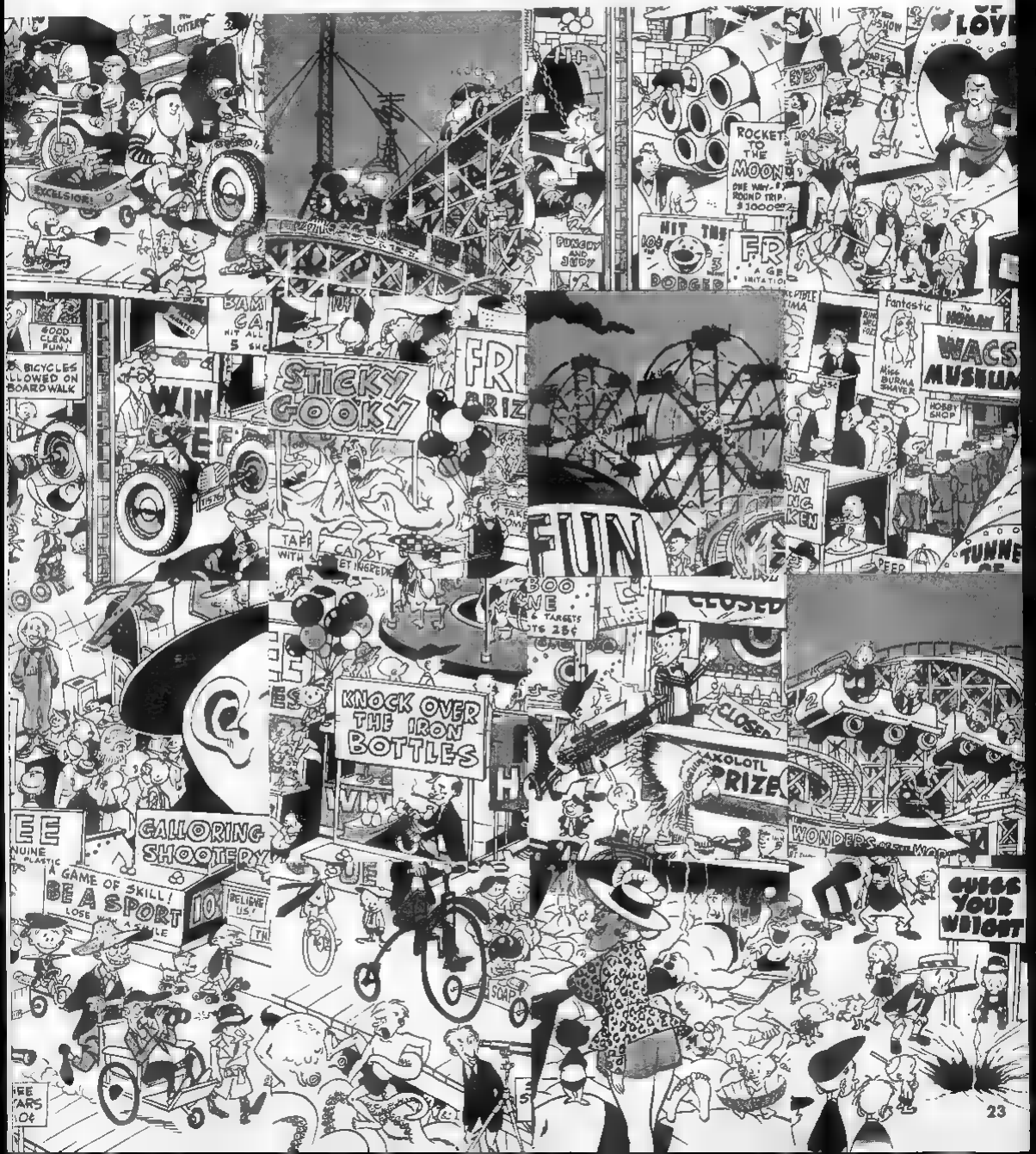
POST CARD

The Editors
Mad
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y. 12, N.Y.

This past summer we sent MAD artist, Wally Wood, on a well-deserved vacation. But being a MAD artist, Wally just couldn't keep away from the drawing board. So every day, we received a post card with a sketch like the one at left. Wally insisted that if we'd put 'em all together, they'd make one big panoramic view of the place where he spent his vacation. So we put 'em all together, and got results printed below. Now Wally tells us we had to put 'em together in the *right order,* like a picture puzzle! So if you're interested, *you* can cut out and reassemble Wally Wood's post card sketches in the right order. When you do, you'll have a panoramic pictorial report entitled:



MAD VISITS CORNY ISLAND



CHILD BITES DOG DEPT.

Tune in T and what do you find? Realism! Go to a movi and what do you see? Realis

the night, specialists have been

LOST FLOCK PLAGUES YOUNG SHEPHERDESS

POCATELLO, Idaho., Sept. 10 (BAA) — Authorities here were puzzled today over the disappearance of a flock of sheep belonging to Miss Barbara Peep, popular young 4-H member and stock raiser.

Miss Peep, known as "Bo" to her many friends in the area, stated that she awoke this morning to find her fifty-odd head of sheep missing. She had no idea where to find them, she added.

Sheriff J. B. Dunkle, in a statement issued late this afternoon, said, "We're not too concerned. We feel that, if left alone, Miss Peep's sheep will return to the fold themselves with their tails behind them."

At last report, Sheriff Dunkle's prediction has failed to materialize.

FARM WOMAN PREFERS KNIFE [redacted] MOUSETRAP

LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 10 (UP) — Most women are frightened at the sight of a mouse, but not Mrs. Maude Dosset, whose husband runs a dairy farm near here.

Mrs. Dosset was carving [redacted] chicken in her kitchen this morning, when she saw three mice, apparently afflicted with poor vision, reeling across the floor. Unshaken, she chased the staggering rodents and managed to disable them by slicing off their tails.

The Dosset farm is now currently under investigation by the SPCA.

Because of his circular shape, Dumpty rolled nearly half a mile down a rock-strewn hill after his great fall. He was found at the bottom by a group of school children, who unfortunately first mistook him for [redacted] beach ball and kicked him several yards further before they discovered their error.

Dumpty's attending doctors, some of whom are personal physicians to the royal family, gave little hope for their patient's recovery. A spokesman for the doctors termed "ridiculous" the rumor that palace horses were in any way being used in treatment.

stems from statements made by Dr. Hans Alpha, who has the midnight-to-eight shift on the big telescope here.

"I know it sounds crazy", Dr. Alpha stated in a press interview today, "but while studying the heavens last night, I noticed a strange object in the vicinity of the moon. Although partly obscured by clouds, the body appeared to me to be a jumping cow!"

A reliable source at Mt. Palomar revealed that Dr. Alpha may be asked to hand in his resignation shortly, on grounds of senility.

IOWA PIPER'S SON HELD [redacted] PIG THIEF

Wire photo by Melvin Cowznofski

Angry Iowa farmers surround Thomas McRush, 15, after his arrest for pig stealing. The suspect is believed to have been the thief responsible for terrorizing the countryside around Davenport for the past three weeks. Young McRush, who apparently ate the pigs he stole, was turned over to authorities for questioning. His father, Andrew McRush, is a noted bag-pipe player.

AGED NO-FAT EATER MARRIES [redacted]

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 9 (PU)—The oldest bachelor in the state of Maryland was married today.

Jack C. Spratt, 103, a retired seed salesman, wed Miss Belinda Shrdlu, 92, an ex-fan dancer, after [redacted] whirlwind three day courtship. When asked why it took so long for him to marry, Spratt stated, "Well, you see, I'm a fussy eater. I don't like to eat the fat on steaks and prime roasts, but I don't like to waste food either. All my life, I've been looking for [redacted] gal who would eat the fat I wouldn't touch. When I finally found Belinda, I wasted no time in proposing. Beside, we save money on soaps and towels. There's no dishwashing, since between the two of us, we manage to lick the platters clean."

PIE-LOVER ENDS 23-YEAR SILENCE

LINCOLN, Nebr., Sept. 9 (URRP)—For 23 years, Horace Simon had walked the three miles from his home to the Nebraska State Fair without stopping to speak to any one. But today, it was a different story.

Simon, who has always had an intense craving for pastry, stopped [redacted] vendor selling pies yesterday morning, and asked haltingly for a free sample. The vendor refused stating, "I work hard enough for my dough without giving away free pies to some simpleton. Put up . . . or shut up!"

Simon has not uttered [redacted] word since the meeting.

..A Vocabulary Grinder for MINCING WORDS

siree! want unfrosted slices of life. Lately, we've been getting a lot of letters from and three-year-olds main reader who object to having to listen unrealistic nursery rhymes. all want their Mother Goose brought up to date and made true-to-life. Like f'rinstance newspaper stories something can get their tooth into. tots! is edition

ism! That's what folks go for these days. They don't want the entertainment sugar-coated any more.

WEATHER
Rain, rain, go away!
Come again another day!
The Brooklyn Dodgers
Want to play!

The Nursery News

CIRCULATION
Upstairs,
Downstairs,
In my lady's
Chamber.

Vol. 1, No. 1 | Sept. 11, 1957 | Price: Two Jelly Beans

PUMPKIN SHELLS SOLVE HOUSING SHORTAGE

Spot News Photo by Osgood Z'Beard

Peter Enzyme, Chicago bookmaker, proudly displays the summer home he built for his wife entirely out of pumpkin shells. Unable to secure a housing loan because of his questionable source of income, Enzyme, whose favorite dish is homemade pumpkin pie, collected enough shells to construct a modern bungalow. His wife, Gwendolyn, now the envy of her neighbors, states, "Peter keeps me very well!"

LIFE OF DUMPTY IN DOUBT AS DOCTORS WORK THROUGH NIGHT

LONDON, Eng., Sept. 10 (Reuters) – Doctors here were pondering the worst accident ever recorded in the annals of British medical history. Working through [illegible] valiently attempting to save the life of H. G. Dumpty, a bricklayer, who broke every single bone in his body when he plunged from a high wall late yesterday.

TOT HELPS ZOO RECOVER GIGANTIC RARE SPIDER

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 10 (IRT) –A ten-year-old girl today helped the City Zoo recover one of its most prized possessions, a rare South American tree spider which had escaped earlier this morning.

Elizabeth Muffet was eating her lunch in Tuffet Park at noon when she was momentarily frightened by the huge spider. Although alarmed at first, she regained her calm after she had put some distance between her and the hairy insect, and immediately phoned Zoo officials. A team of specialists was immediately dispatched to the park, and the dangerous spider was captured and returned to captivity, Miss Muffet then returned to eating her lunch.

"Anybody could see it was a rare South American tree spider," she told reporters who found her none the worse for her experience. "That's why I called the zoo. Besides, it was getting in my whey!"

'What – Me Worry?'

LATE NEWS FLASH

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 10 (TWA) – An airline pilot reported seeing a "strange vessel" in the middle of the Atlantic while on a flight [illegible] Idlewild Airport last night.

Capt. Edward Frammis, chief officer of a Paris-to-New York air liner, stated that he spotted a tiny green boat bobbing in the high seas approximately 330 miles southwest of the Azores.

"I can't be positive," reported Frammis, "But I could swear there was an owl and a pussycat in that boat!"

'What – Me Worry?'

STRANGE LUNAR OBJECT PUZZLES ASTRONOMERS

MT. PALOMAR, Calif., Sept. 10 (FO B) – Astronomers were sharply divided over what may be the hottest scientific dispute since flying saucers. The controversy

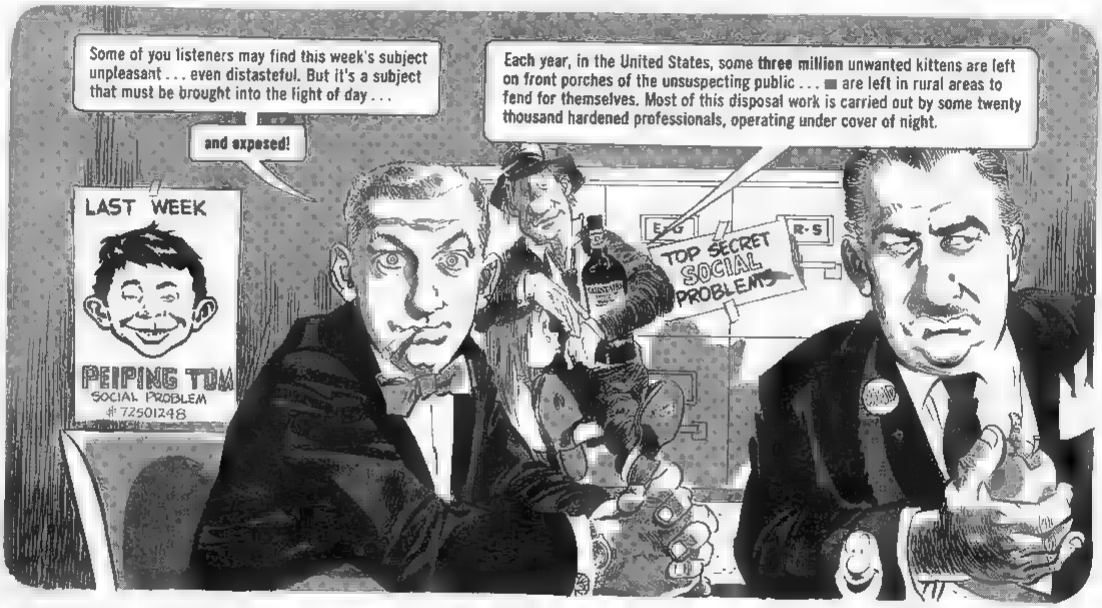
BOB

BOB AND RAY DEPT.

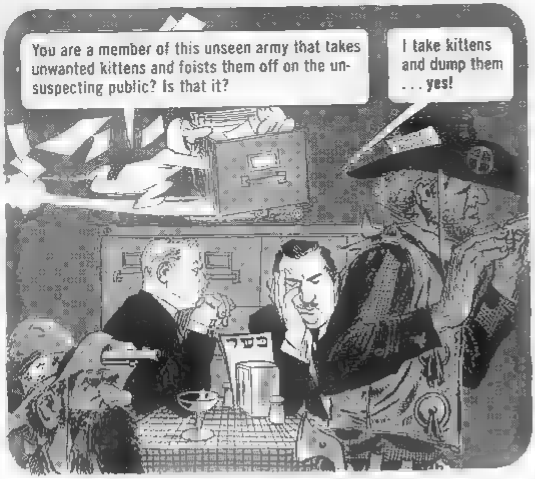
And now, Bob and Ray bring you their version of that straight-forward hard-hitting documentary TV show that deals in straight-forward hard-hitting unvarnished terms with some of the pressing social problems of our times. Here then is . . .

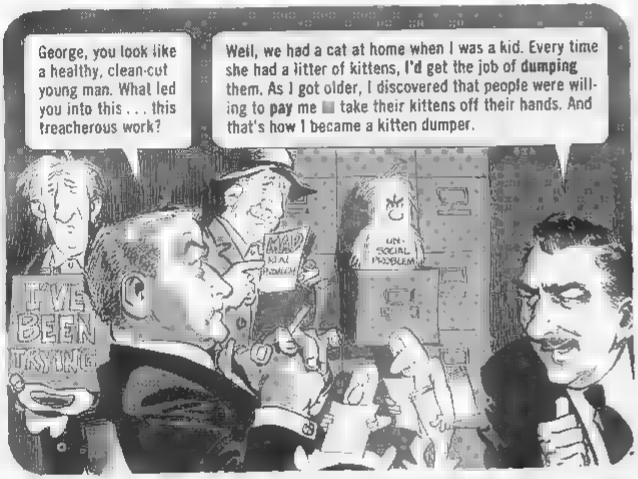
RAY

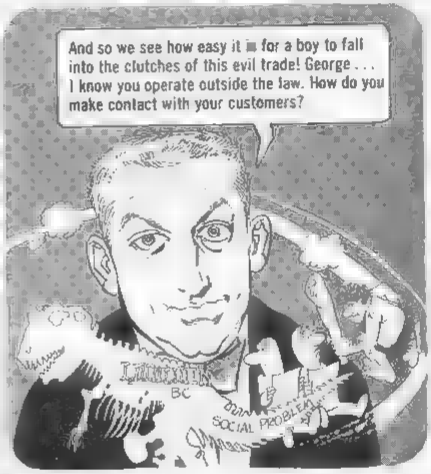
Paul Sturdley's SECRET FILE



**A Lackadaisical Compass for TAKING THE EASY WAY OUT

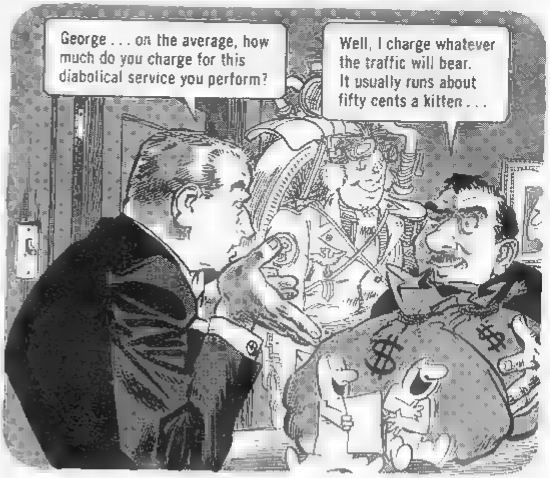


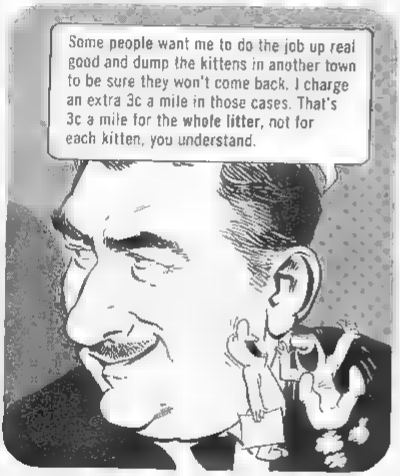


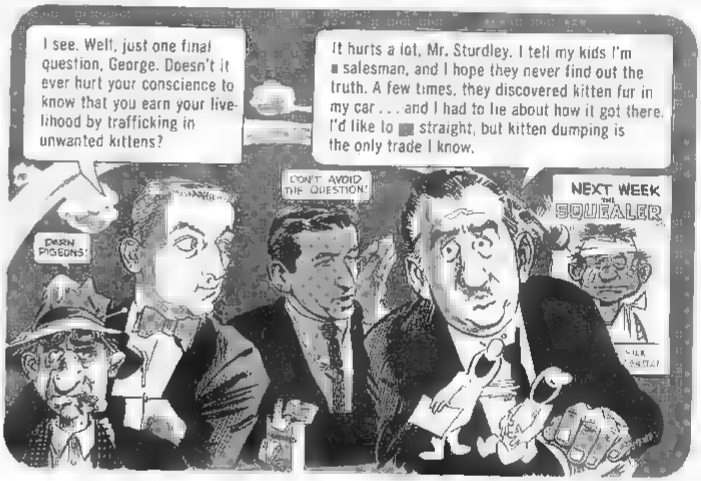


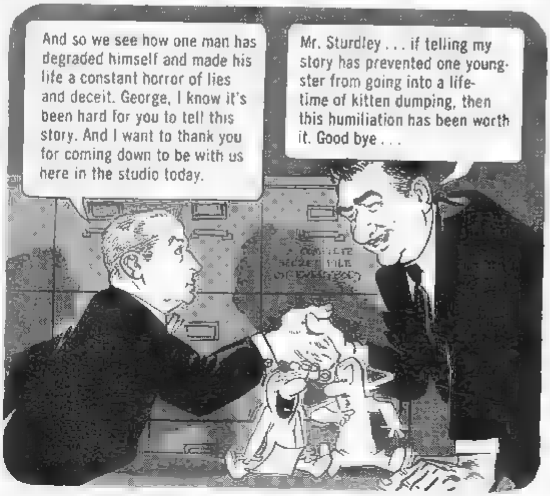
PICTURES BY MORT DRUCKER

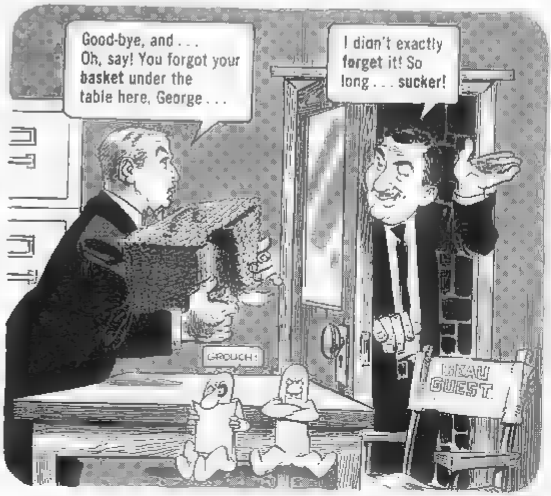
You really are an unscrupulous wretch, George. Society should be ashamed of having developed a man like you!
That's pretty much the way I look at it.
USE THE LITTER BASKET


George . . . on the average, how much do you charge for this diabolical service you perform?
Well, I charge whatever the traffic will bear. It usually runs about fifty cents a kitten . . .


Some people want me to do the job up real good and dump the kittens in another town to be sure they won't come back. I charge an extra 3c a mile in those cases. That's 3c a mile for the whole litter, not for each kitten, you understand.


I see. Well, just one final question, George. Doesn't it ever hurt your conscience to know that you earn your livelihood by trafficking in unwanted kittens?
It hurts a lot, Mr. Sturdley. I tell my kids I'm a salesman, and I hope they never find out the truth. A few times, they discovered kitten fur in my car . . . and I had to lie about how it got there. I'd like to be straight, but kitten dumping is the only trade I know.
DARN PIGEONS!
DON'T AVOID THE QUESTION!
NEXT WEEK THE SQUEALER


And so we see how one man has degraded himself and made his life a constant horror of lies and deceit. George, I know it's been hard for you to tell this story. And I want to thank you for coming down to be with us here in the studio today.
Mr. Sturdley . . . if telling my story has prevented one youngster from going into a lifetime of kitten dumping, then this humiliation has been worth it. Good bye . . .

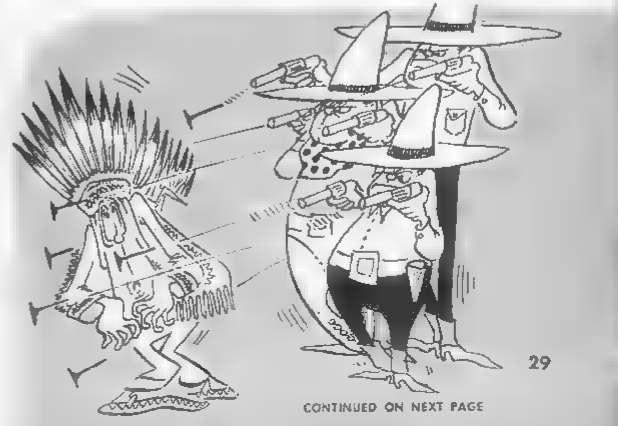

Good-bye, and . . . Oh, say! You forgot your basket under the table here, George . . .
I didn't exactly forget it! So long . . . sucker!
GROUCH!
DEAD GUEST

END

DON MARTIN DEPT.

And now MAD's maddest artist, Don Martin, illustrates another of his delightful childhood experiences . . . this one about a birthday present, and the first time he played . . .

Cowboys 'n Indians



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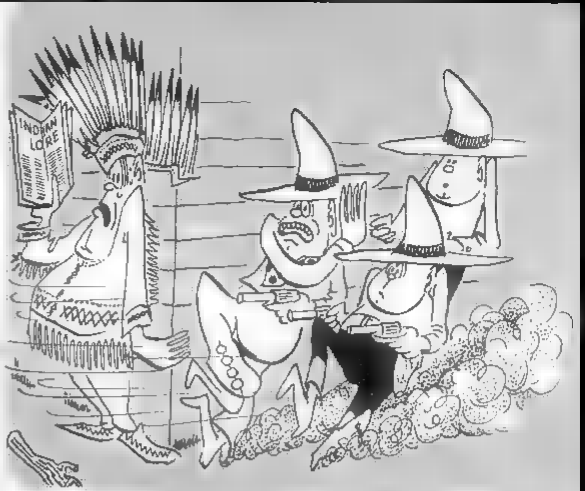
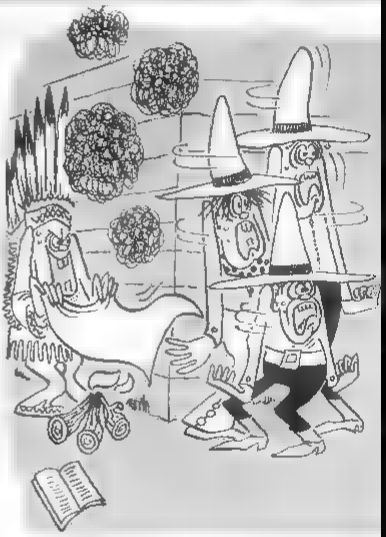
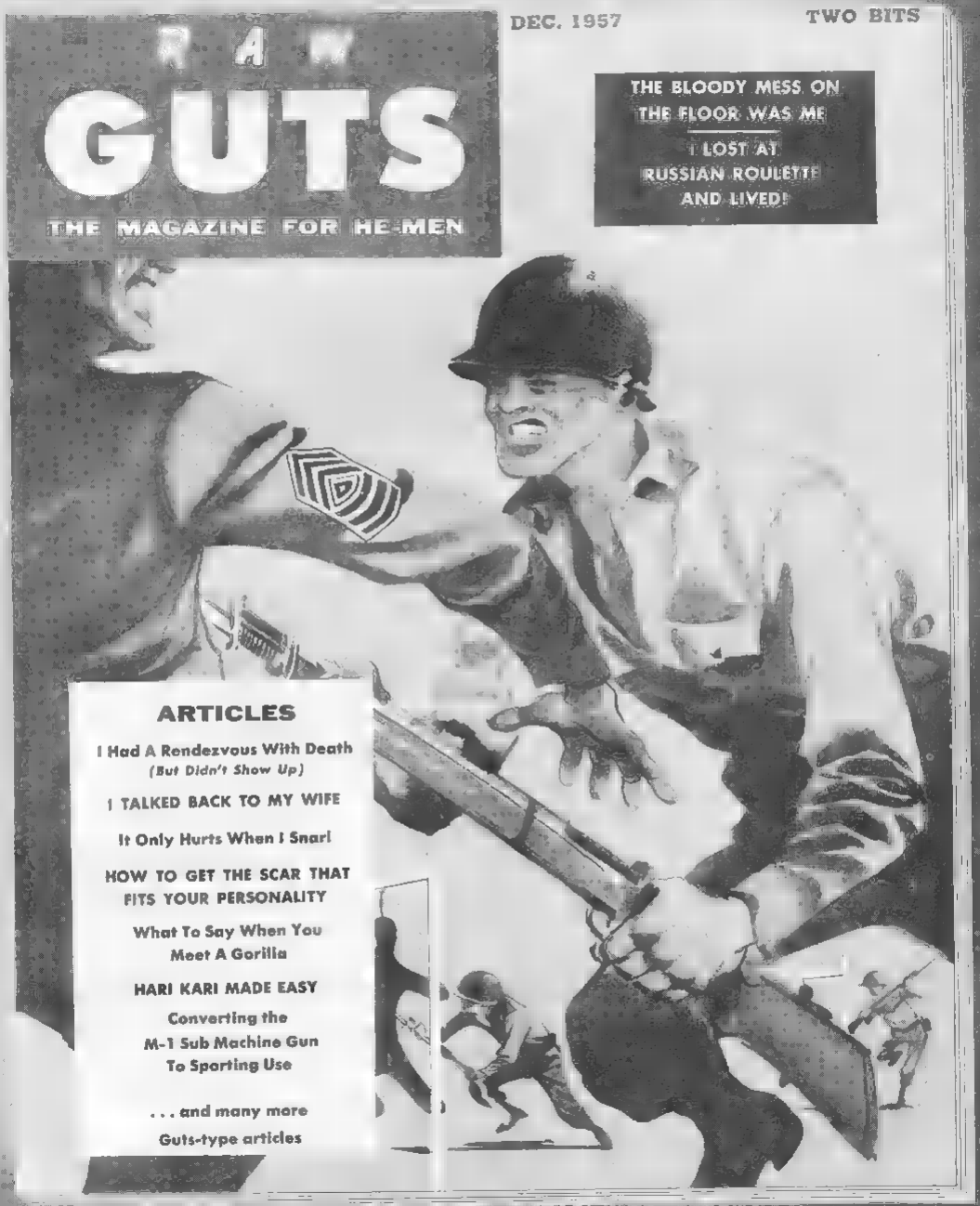




**A Radioactive Spoon for STIRRING UP A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT

U. S. MALE DEPT.

These days, men aren't "men" unless they read "men's" magazines. And "men's" magazines aren't for "men" unless they're full of "he-men" type articles. So MAD wouldn't be "mad" if it didn't poke some fun at "men's" magazines like:



On the next 2 pages, you'll find some typical "men's" magazine type articles!

PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

The Men Who Beat The AMAZON!

by Mickey Cohen

MVMBA, our guide, staggered into camp with the news. Up ahead, a giant Armadillo was pinching female members of the Itchigoochi. The Itchigoochi were friendly. We couldn't let them down! Only the river stood between us. The mighty Amazon River. We had to cross it. But how? It was too late to rent a canoe. There was only one answer.

Sturdley was the first to hit the water. One after the other, we all followed suit, hitting the water. It was a most grotesque spectacle. Imagine! Grown-up men hitting and punching innocent water! CONTINUED

Illustrations by Matt Tiske

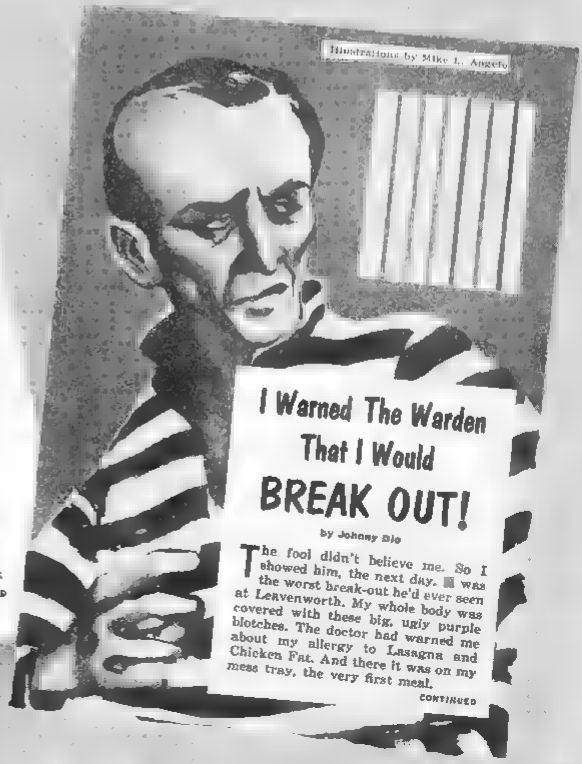
Illustrations by Sol Vedordall

I FOUGHT With The Boys Of The 26 th INFANTRY

by Maj. Gen. Frank Costello

Yes! I fought with the boys of the 26th Infantry! I also fought with the boys of the 39th Infantry! Then I fought with the boys of the 47th Infantry! It seems that I just couldn't get along with anybody while I was in the army.

I remember as a child that I used to fight with all the kids on my block CONTINUED



Illustrations by Mike L. Angelo

I Warned The Warden That I Would BREAK OUT!

by Johnny Dio

The fool didn't believe me. So I showed him, the next day. It was the worst break-out he'd ever seen at Leavenworth. My whole body was covered with these big, ugly purple blotches. The doctor had warned me about my allergy to Lasagna and Chicken Fat. And there it was on my mess tray, the very first meal.

CONTINUED

Illustrations by Leo Nardo

I Fought A GRIZZLY BEAR BLINDFOLDED!

by Al Anastasia

How a big old grizzly like that ever managed to get himself blindfolded is beyond me. But he sure looked funny as he charged. I couldn't help but laugh in his face as his huge paws closed around me in a crushing embrace, he looked that funny.

Even now, as I look back on it, lying here in the hospital room, I have to laugh. Only I can't because it hurts

CONTINUED

I CLEANED UP AN ENEMY OUTPOST BARE-HANDED!

by Sgt. John Dillinger D.O.A.

Lucky for me, there was nobody there at the time. Nevertheless, it was a risky proposition . . . cleaning it up barehanded. They didn't even give me a decent broom.

One thing I can say about being a P. W., the German policy on treatment

CONTINUED

Illustrations by P. Casso

Illustrations by Rom Brandt

I CAPTURED SIX JAPS WITH ONE HAND!

by Lt. Col. William "Willie" Sutton

It was the most terrifying experience of my life. Just think of it. Six one-handed Japs. How they were ever taken into the Japanese Army, I'll never know. And I didn't wait to find out. When they came marching toward me, each with his one hand raised in surrender, I took off for H. Q. They had quite a job keeping up with me, as

CONTINUED

HE WAS AN OLD LION KILLER!

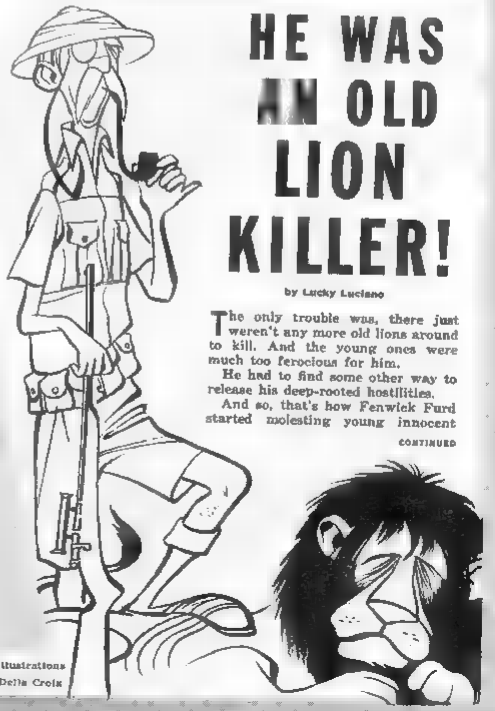
by Lucky Luciano

The only trouble was, there just weren't any more old lions around to kill. And the young ones were much too ferocious for him.

He had to find some other way to release his deep-rooted hostilities.

And so, that's how Fenwick Furd started molesting young innocent

CONTINUED

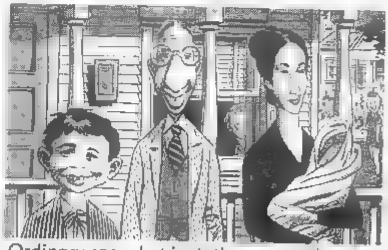


Illustrations by Della Croix

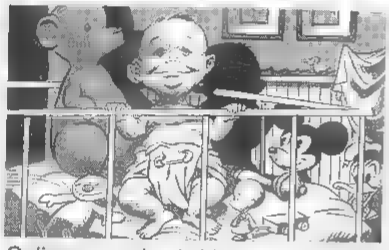
LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION? DEPT.

The following article is directed at all you still-camera fans. So stop fanning those still-cameras for a moment, and pay attention. We'd like to show you why you're wasting your time taking pictures with that old-fashioned still-camera, when you could be getting far more fascinating and satisfactory results taking

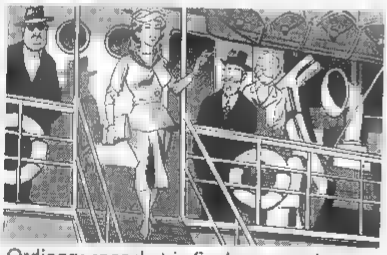
PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



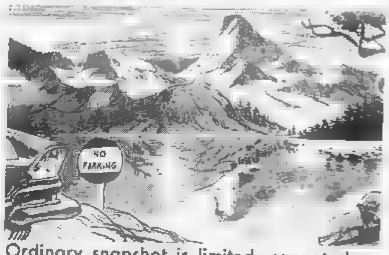
Ordinary snapshot is static, cannot show action, so members of group must pose stiffly.



Ordinary snapshot is lifeless, cannot show real personality, so baby must pose stiffly.

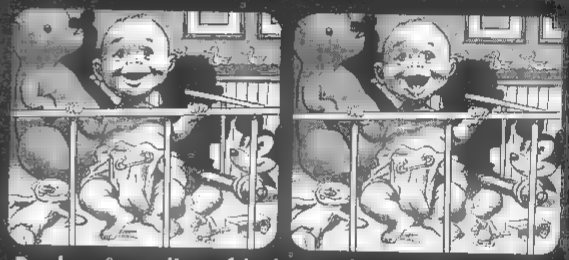


Ordinary snapshot is final, cannot show sequence, so gay homecomer must pose stiffly.

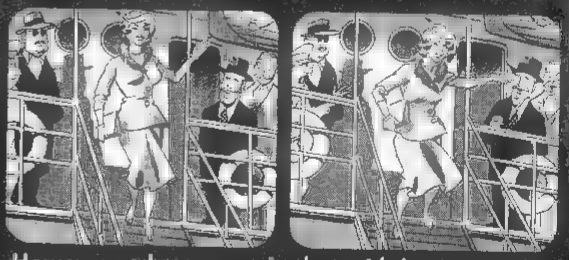


Ordinary snapshot is limited, cannot show whole breathtaking scene, so much is lost.

Note advantage home movies have over ordinary



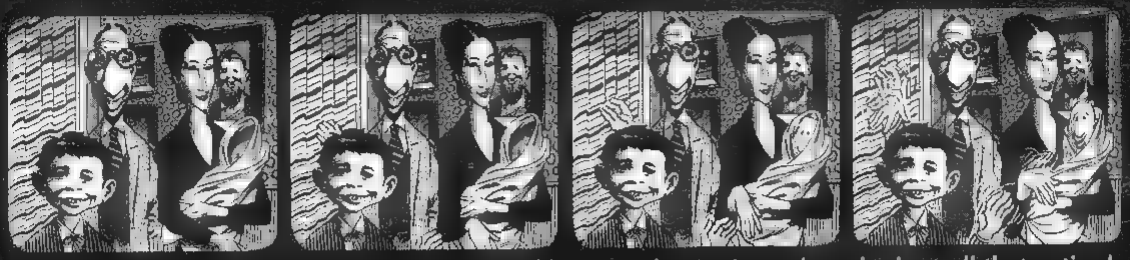
Real personality of baby is clearly shown when



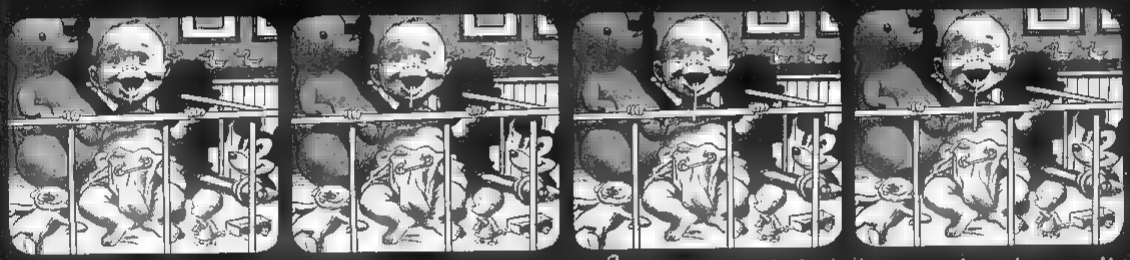
However, when scene is shot with home movies,

With home movies, camera can be panned slowly

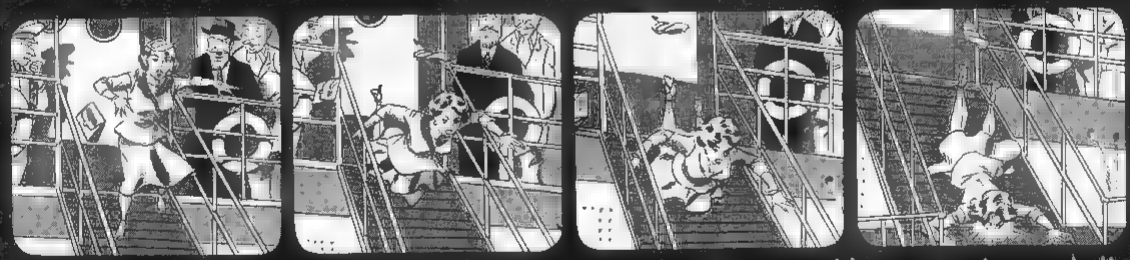
HOME MOVIES



snapshot when same group poses for scene like one above. Just take a look at all that action!



home movie scene like the above is taken, and all those cute little habits can be observed!



gay homecomer moves normally down the gangplank and entire memorable sequence is recorded!

so that nothing is lost, by starting with family, and ending up with that breathtaking scene!

LEAD PAN ALLEY DEPT.

We figure, if they keep testing H-bombs, there'll be some changes made over the next few years. Take f'rinstance popular music. Popular music is bound to reflect these changes. So here's our idea of the kind of songs young lovers of future generations will be singing as they walk down moonlit lanes arm in arm in arm in arm . . .

the TOP TEN

The following are the top ten song hits of America, as determined by a recent nation-wide survey of all juke boxes, disc jockeys, and name bands located in caves around the country.

THERE'S NO STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

SAMMY AXOLOTL
OZGOOD Z'BEARD

I have often walked
On this street before,
But there once was pavement
Underneath my feet before.
Now as I walk by,
I see rubble fly,
Boy, it's *rough* on the street
Where you live!

People stop and stare,
They don't bother me!
Got lead underwear,
I'm safe as safe can be!
All the air is filled
With radioactivity.
And it's *worse* on the street
Where you live!

Oh, that frightening feeling
As the glow spreads over the land.
That exposed-to-lightning feeling
When those geiger counters click
to beat the band!

There are no more trees,
They've been all knocked down.
You will never hear a bird
In any part of town.
See the plane draw near!
Let's get out of here!
Yucca Flats is no street
Where to live!

Copyright 1978 by Lawrence Welk Music Corp. bottlers of Vitamin Enriched Champagne, Bubbles, N.M.

YOU'RE LOATHSOME TO LOOK AT

JONNIE OSSZEFOGVA

You're lovely to look at,
Delightful to know,
And *forty feet* high.
Because you're up in the sky,
I think the most impossible
thing to do
Is walk down a lane holding hands
with you.
You're lovely to look at,
Delightful to know
But this cannot last.
'Cause when I try to kiss you
good-night,
I get nauseous from all that height,
my dear.

Copyright 1984, by Alfred E. Neuman, may not be played, hummed or whistled without express permission.

SPACE SHIP

SCHROEDER
"BEE" THOVEN

Space ship,
Space ship,
Go so fast!
Space ship,
Space ship,
Shoot right past!
Earth is no more place to stop!
Since H-Bomb make it pop!

Copyright 1974, by Pravda, "A Paper for People Who *Think* They Think."

MAMA, LOOK-A H-BOMB

MELVIN COWZNOFSKI

Mama, look-a H-bomb,
They shout!
Their mother tell them,
Watch for fallout!
Look-a your Daddy,
He know!
Was fallout make him ugly so!

Hit the dirt!
Join the crowd!
Mama look-a mushroom cloud!
(repeat)

Copyright 1999, by the Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc.

Will lead you to
My Blue Shelter.
You'll see a smiling face
Without a trace
Of coming doom.
A little nest
That's nestled where
The H-Bombs boom.
Just Molly and me,
Let's see, that makes three!
We're happy in
My Blue Shelter.

Copyright 1984, by Alan Freed Amalgamated and Consolidated Rock 'n Roll Enterprises, Inc.

THE THING THAT I MARRY

WHAT-ME NEUMAN
ALFRED E. WORRY

The girl that I marry
Will have to be
A purple-skinned beauty
With two heads or three.

The girl I call my wife
Will have a nose
With eight nostrils
You play like a fife.

Her nails will be claw-like,
And in her hair
She'll wear geiger-counters.
And I'll be there

'Stead of flyin', I'll be sighin'
Next to her,
And she'll roar like a lion.
The girl I propose to
Will have fourteen toes too,
Like me!

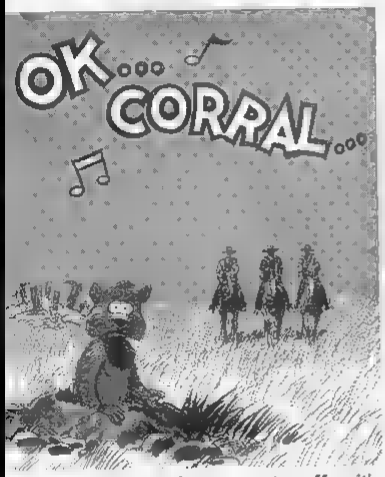
Copyright 1456, by Johannes Guttenberg, Printer, Mainz, Germany

**A Pair of Red-Lensed Binoculars for VIEWING WITH ALARM

NOW, MAD BRINGS YOU ITS VERSION OF THE EXCITING WESTERN PICTURE THAT GETS ITS TITLE FROM WHEN WYATT EARP ACCEPTS IKE CLANTON'S CHALLENGE AND SAYS . . .

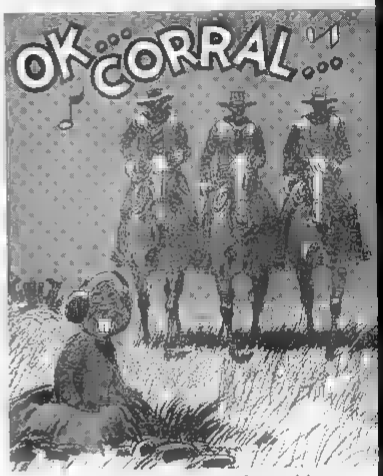
O.K.! GUNFIGHT AT THE CORRAL!

PICTURE OPENS WITH SUSPENSE AS FRANKIE LAINE SINGS TITLE SONG



Right away, picture starts off with plenty suspense as three men come riding across prairie, and Frankie Laine begins singing that catchy title song.

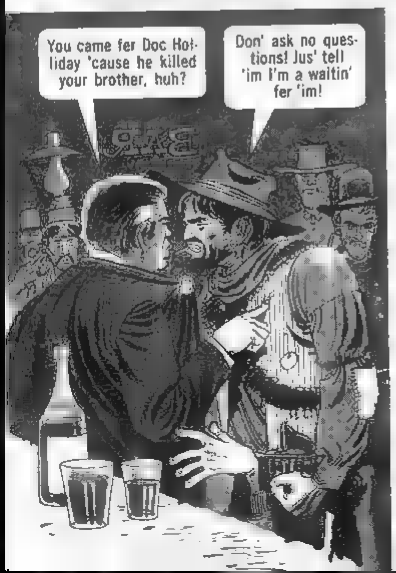
Plenty suspense keeps building up as three men keep coming across prairie and Frankie Laine keeps singing that catchy little plaintive title song.



Plenty suspense becomes unbearable as audience strains to see which one of three men is Frankie Laine, who won't stop singing that idiotic title song.

PICTURES BY GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

THREE MEN ARE LOOKING FOR DOC HOLLIDAY, DENTIST TURNED GAMBLER



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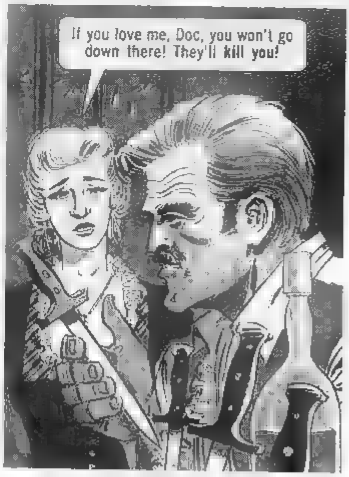
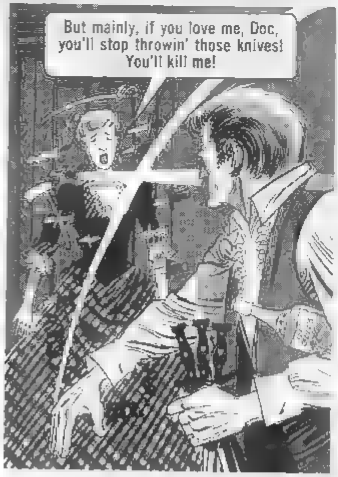
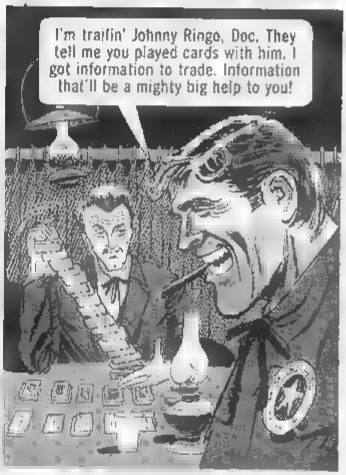
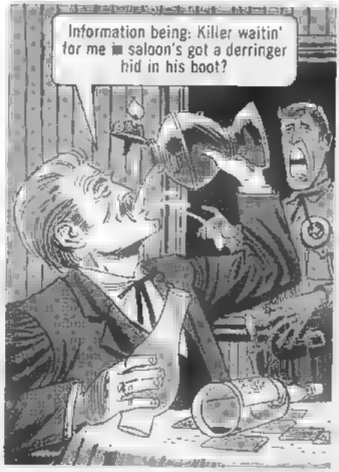
DOC HOLLIDAY IS HOLED UP IN HOTEL ROOM WITH GIRLFRIEND, KATE



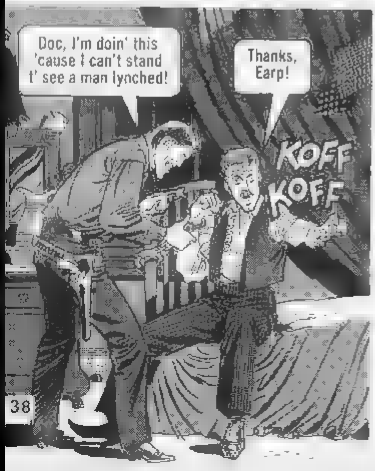


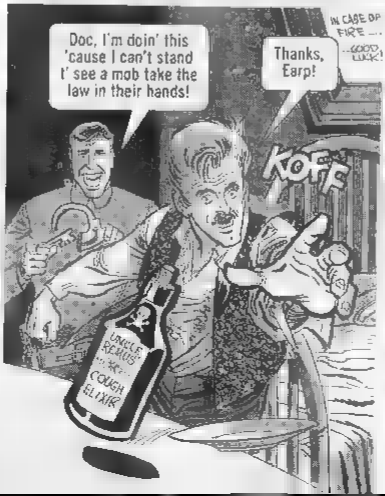
WYATT EARP INTERRUPTS DOC'S SOLITAIRE GAME TO GET INFORMATION

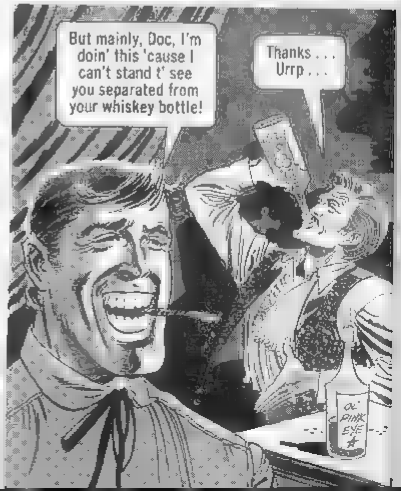




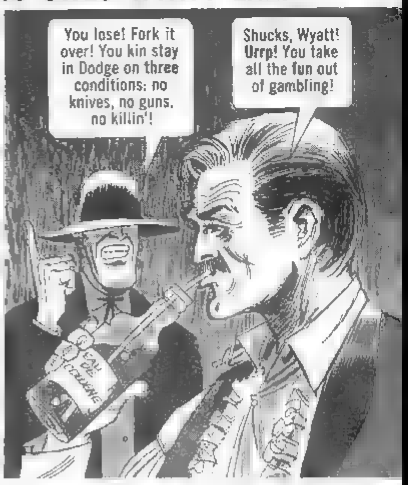
WYATT EARP DOES DOC HOLLIDAY A FAVOR AND UNLOCKS HIS HANDCUFFS



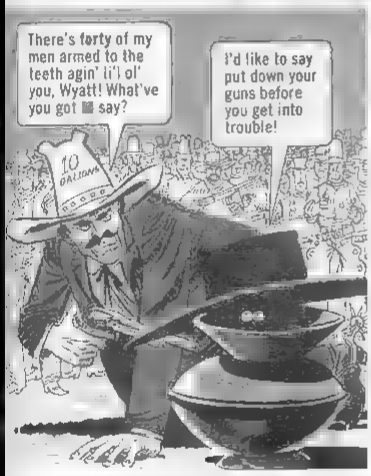


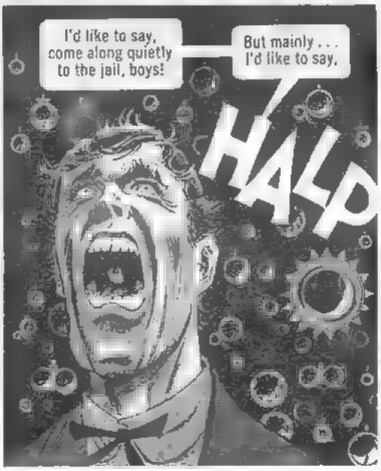


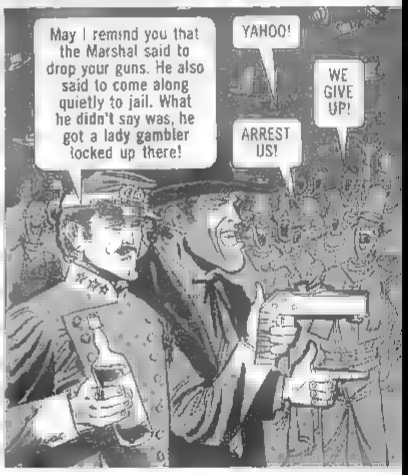
DOC SHOWS UP IN DODGE CITY TO TO REPAY DEBT HE OWES WYATT EARP



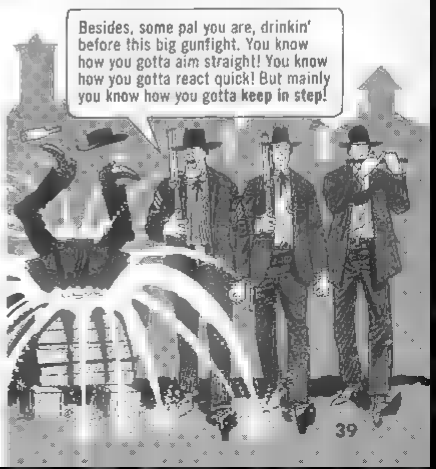
DOC SAVES WYATT WHEN DRUNKEN ROWDY COWMEN CRASH GRANGE DANCE







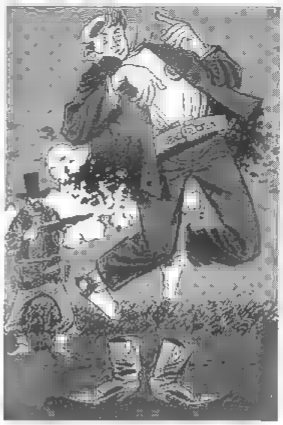
GUNFIGHT STARTS WITH EARP BOYS AND DOC LINED UP ACROSS STREET



GUNFIGHT ITSELF IS DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW SO HERE'S A RUNDOWN . . .

FRANK McLOWERY shoots, wounds MORGAN EARP . . .

VIRGIL EARP fires back, wounds FINN CLANTON . . .



IKE CLANTON takes aim, wounds VIRGIL EARP . . .

WYATT takes much better aim, wounds LANTERN . . .

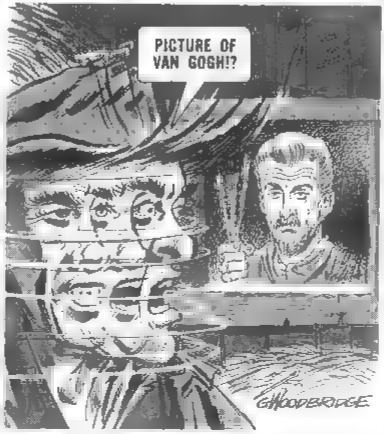
DRUNKEN DOC takes aim, shoots ROVER CLANTON...

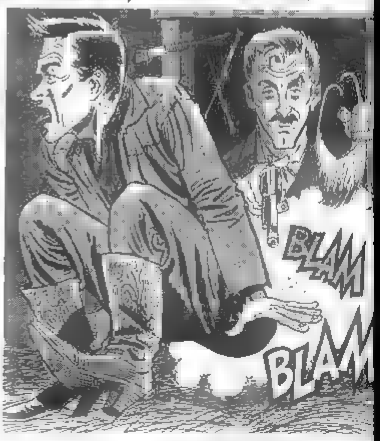
WYATT chases worst Clanton, BILLY, the kid . . .

SHANE, wounded from own picture, shoots HONDO . . .

DOC, drunker than ever, shoots USHER in balcony.

PICTURE WINDS [redacted] AS COWARDLY KILLER JOHNNY RINGO, GETS IT IN





THE END

"An Automatic Dealer for LAYING YOUR CARDS ON THE TABLE

Just so people won't get the idea that MAD is a magazine strictly for clods, we've decided to get a little arty . . . and illustrate a famous poem. Here, then, for all you arty clods, is Don Martin's interpretation of . . .

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

**A Benevolent Pasteurizer for THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

ART BY DON MARTIN

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

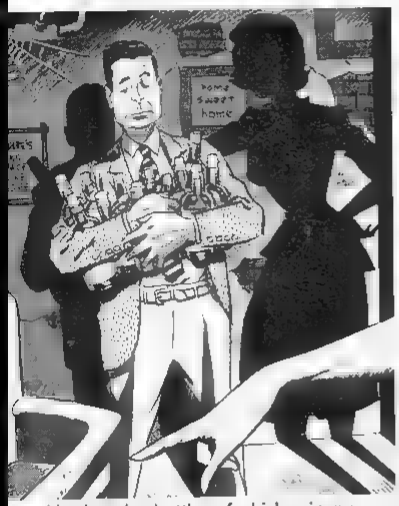
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

**A Waterproof Wedding Ring for TAKING THE PLUNGE

HENRY MORGAN DEPT.

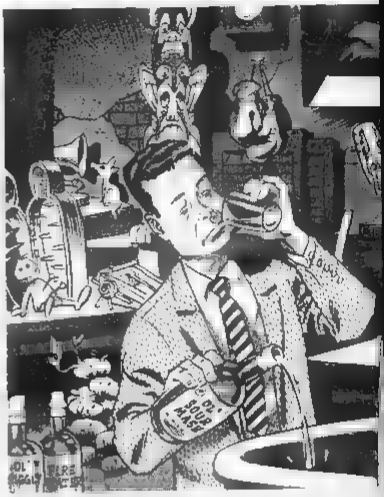
MR. MORGAN TELLS THE STORY OF THE 12 BOTTLES

PICTURES BY WALLACE WOOD



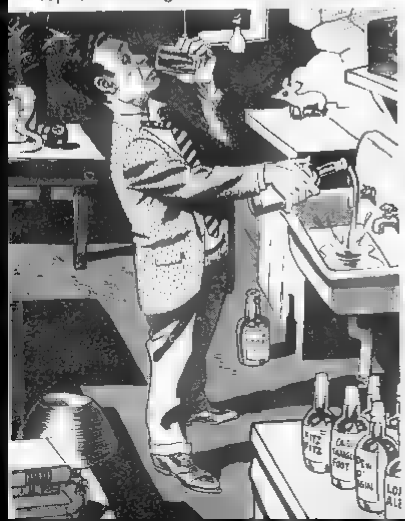
I had twelve bottles of whiskey in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink—or else!

So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task . . .

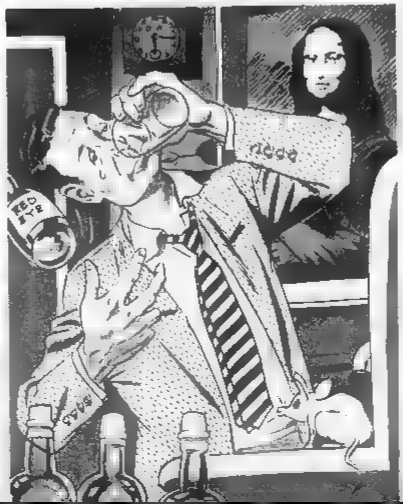


I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass . . . which I drank!

I extracted the cork from the second bottle, and did likewise, with the exception of one glass . . . which I drank!



I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle, and emptied the good 'ol booze down the sink, except one glass . . . which I drank!



I pulled th' cork from th' fourth sink, and poured the bottle down th' glass . . . which I drank!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I pulled th' bottle from the cork of th' nex', an' drank one sink out of it, an' poured th' res' down the glass!

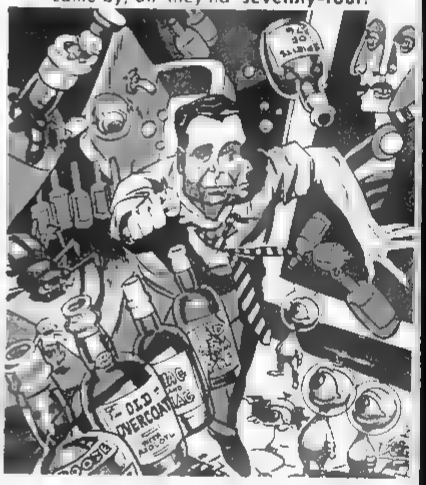
I pulled th' sink outta th' nex' glass, an' poured a cork down th' bottle!

I pull' th' nex' cor' outta m' throat, an' poured the sink down th' bo'l an' drank th' glass!

Then I corked th' sink whish a glash, an' bo'l drink, an' drank th' pour!

When I ha' evvythin' empty, I shteadied the housh wi' one han', counted th' bo'ls an cor's an' glashes wi' th' other, whish were twenny-nine!

T'be sure, I coun' them again when they came by, an' they ha' sevenny-four!



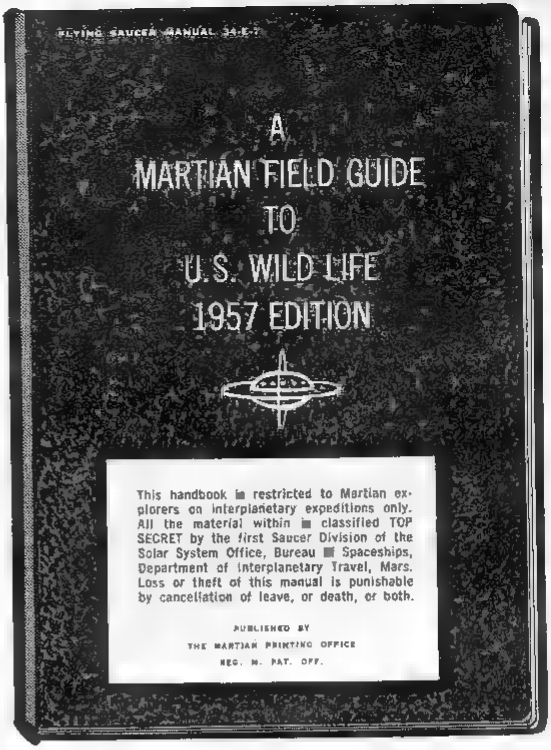
An' as the **housh** came by, I coun' them again, an' finally I ha' all th' houshes, an' bo'ls an' cor's an' glashes counted 'cept one housh . . . an' one bo'l . . .

. . . whish I **drank!**

DO NOT FEED OR ANNOY DEPT.

We never believed those stories about flying saucers, until just the other night, when we happened to look out the window of our office here in the MAD building. There, to our utter amazement, was a real flying saucer parked on Lafayette Street. We were utterly amazed, because there's usually never any parking on Lafayette Street! Turned out, the saucer was a space-ship-ful of Martian explorers deserting to Venus. One Martian offered to exchange an Earth exploration manual for a copy of the latest MAD. Now, we know a good deal when we see one, so we made the trade. Here, then, is the cover and a few representative pages from the manual we obtained that night . . . *(Incidentally, we also obtained a black eye that night in a later run-in with a flying saucer. Mainly, the one thrown by the little woman when we got home at 3 AM and told this story as the excuse for working late at the office. Maybe this article will convince her and get us back inside. It's chilly, sleeping with our cocker spaniel.)*

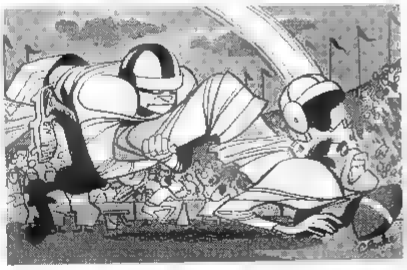
** An informal Pedestal for people who don't want to STAND ON CEREMONY



PICTURES BY BOB CLARKE

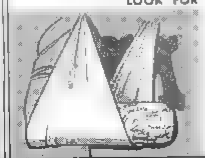
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE SCHOLARSHIPUS ATHLETUS



SILHOUETTE

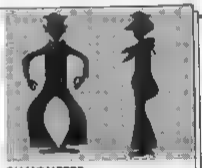
LOOK FOR



This muscular creature can be found crouched on all fours in large circular arenas on Saturday afternoons in the fall. There, to the sounds of primitive chants, he goes through a series of violent lunges and falls. At other times of the year, he can be found on U.S. highways driving a late-model convertible. On rare occasions, he can be observed in the back row of a college classroom, usually with a highly developed case of laryngitis. In later years, he turns into a **Professionalus Athletus**, the only difference being that he has changed his habitat, and now owns **two** late model convertibles.

THE SALTUS SHORELEAVUS

Although the **Saltus Shoreleavus** spends most of his time on the water, he is fascinating to study when he reaches land. Through some mysterious instinct, he can immediately discover where to find an abundance of feminine wildlife. He does his best work when accompanied by a fellow **Saltus Shoreleavus**, or "buddy", who helps him avoid his deadly enemy, the **Saltus Shorepatrolus.** Members of the **Saltus** species readily adapt to all seasons, changing their coloring from blue in winter to white in summer. Strangely enough, his life span usually lasts but four years, after which he molts and turns into the common **Civilianus Salari.**



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THE BLONDUS IGNORAMUS

SILHOUETTE

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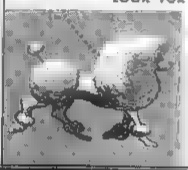
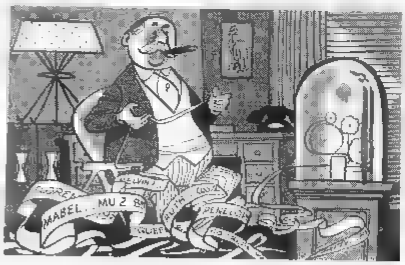


Most U.S. creatures are self-sufficient. The **Blondus Ignoramus**, however, has no means of self-preservation and must live off others. At an early stage of life, she finds it impossible to feed or clothe herself in the manner to which she'd like to be accustomed. When this happens, she is taken under the wing of another remarkable creature, the **Tycoonus Sugardaddyus**. At the same time, her natural coloring — a dull brunette — miraculously changes to flashly blonde. It should be carefully noted that the **Blondus Ignoramus** never reaches the age of more than 29 years.

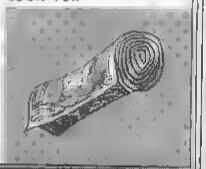
THE TYCOONUS SUGARDADDYUS



Although an aging beast, the **Tycoonus Sugardaddyus** usually reverts to his youth by a ritual known as "turning back the clock". When this happens, he finds that he has a strong attraction for the **Blondus Ignoramus**, and spends the last years of his life in this interesting pursuit. Since he imagines himself a much younger creature, he enjoys being called infant-like names such as "Snookums" or "Cuddles". He earns these titles of respect through a variety of means, mainly expensive gifts, two of which are the mink coat and the diamond necklace.

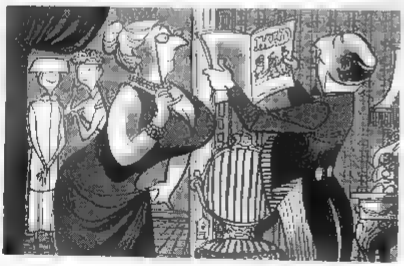
SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR



**A Refrigerated Stole for giving THE COLD SHOULDER

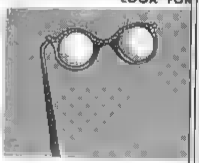
THE SNOBBUS SOCIETUS



Although the **Snobbus Societus** is slowly becoming extinct, the few remaining are endowed with great power, compensating for a brain which is remarkably small. She is a durable creature, whose sole purpose in life is to outlive the others of her species. She can be observed in her native habitat — a large and decaying dwelling in the older section of a large city. There, the **Snobbus Societus** is frequently surrounded by a bevy of chattering **Socialus Climbus**, who feed on her ego. This strange diet often affects the color of her blood, which allegedly turns dark icy blue.

SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR

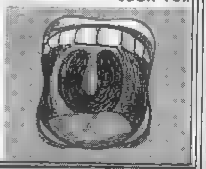


THE IDOLUS BOBBYSOXUS

Of all U.S. mammals, none has a larger following than the **Idolus Bobbysoxus**. He produces a variety of sounds which bring forth eerie shrieks and moans from his followers, usually made up of thousands of young U.S. earth-women. He is particularly noted for well-developed body movements, which often prevent his audience from listening to the sounds he emits. No one has ever been able to discover what happens to the **Idolus Bobbysoxus** once he has been replaced by a much younger **Idolus Bobbysoxus**.

SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR

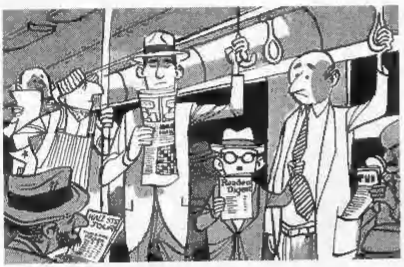


THE SUBURBUS COMMUTERUS

SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR

This strange mammal is torn between life in the city and life in the country. Because of this, he performs a unique type of daily migration known as "commuting". Since the **Suburbus Commuterus** is a vulnerable species, he protects himself by blending in with the colors of his fellow creatures. Oddly, this blending affects his mind, resulting in a strange manner of speech called "Madison Avenuese". The **Suburbus Commuterus** has one great fear, which he calls "the high cost of living". He fights this dire economic threat through a novel means of self-preservation known as "the expense account".

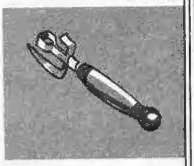


THE SUBURBUS DOMESTICUS

The **Suburbus Domesticus** behaves totally unlike her mate. To begin with, she does not fear "the high cost of living"; instead she helps boost it through a local ritual known as "keeping up with the Joneses". This is mainly done through an activity called "the buying spree" which occurs instinctively whenever she feels she has been cooped up too long. The **Suburbus Domesticus** does not believe in identical colorings, and goes to great lengths to avoid sporting the same plumage as her neighbor. In later years, she carefully watches her mate's health, and often examines his white collar for red marks, which are sure signs of the dreaded **Sweetheartus Outsidus** disease.

SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR



**A Velvet Brush for CURRYING FAVOR

THE LUSHUS EXTREMUS

SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR

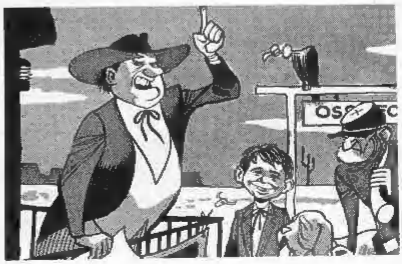
Pictured above is the only known U.S. mammal which feeds entirely on liquids. Noted for his reddish coloring, he can be found perched on high stools in dark, man-made caverns called "bars". There, each evening, before a white-coated attendant, he performs a weird rite known as "pouring out his troubles", which often leaves him in a state of great thirst. (A note of warning!) At times the **Lushus Extremus** becomes extremely hostile. In this state, he should be approached with great caution and only if you are sober and twice his size.

THE CAMPAIGNUS POLITICUS

An intriguing species, the **Campaignus Politicus** has to be seen to be believed, and sometimes can't be believed when seen. He spends most of his time in large meeting places arguing or dozing with others of his breed. In even numbered years, a remarkable transformation occurs. The **Campaignus Politicus** returns to his native haunts where he makes self-laudatory speeches to whoever will listen. During this uninhibited period, he finds himself paternally attracted to babies, housewives, farmers, business men, laborers . . . everyone! When he leaves public office, he immediately writes a dull book of memoirs, and then turns into a respected **Statesmanus Elderus.**

SILHOUETTE

LOOK FOR



Scenes We'd Like to See

The Human Shield

**An Asbestos Ladder for going FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE

If you get it in the mail, you can . . .

Start your day off right!

PHOTO BY LARRY MALEMAN

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The Breakfast Magazine that makes your mind go

"SNAP-CRACKLE-POP!"

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I want to start the day off right and listen to my mind go *"Snap-Crackle-Pop!"* Here's $2.00 for the next nine issues. Enter my name as a subscriber to your breakfast magazine. Hey! Now, where do I get them strawberries and cream!?

USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

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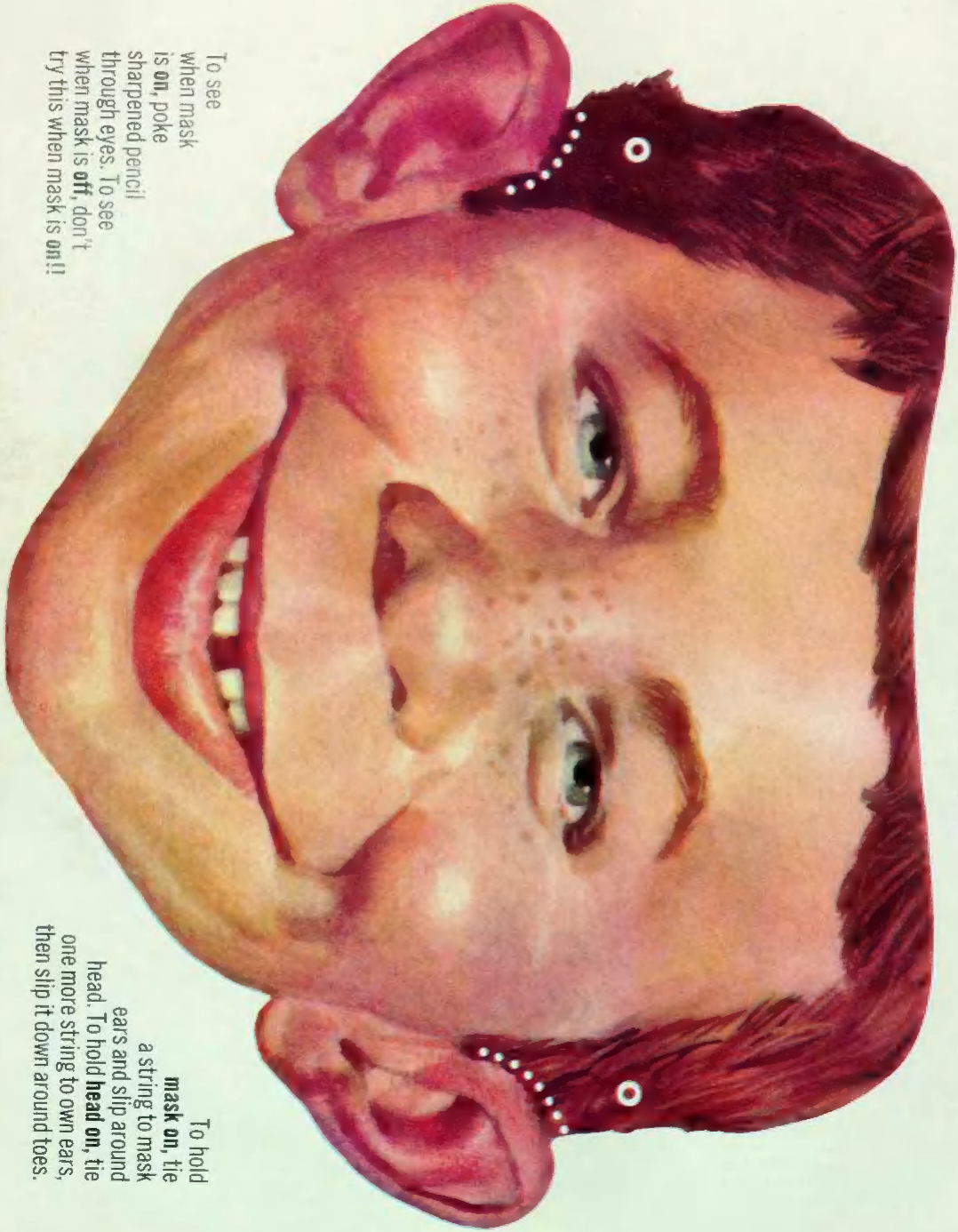
YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE HYSTERICAL WHEN THEY SEE YOU WEARING

MAD'S "WHAT, ME WORRY?" HALLOWEEN MASK

(ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU WEAR IT IN SEPTEMBER!)



For **good** results, cut out mask and paste on cardboard.
For **best** results, cut out mask and paste on face!

To see when mask is **on**, poke sharpened pencil through eyes. To see when mask is **off**, don't try this when mask is **on**!!

To hold **mask on**, tie a string to mask ears and slip around head. To hold **head on**, tie one more string to own ears, then slip it down around toes.